

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1957

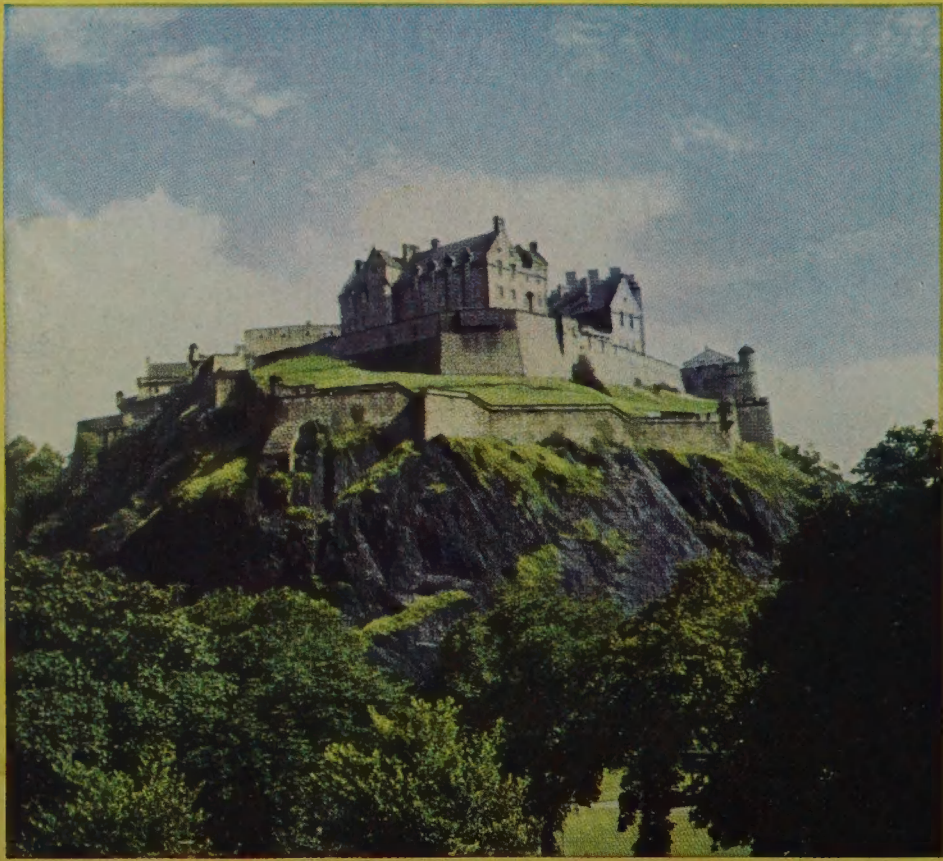


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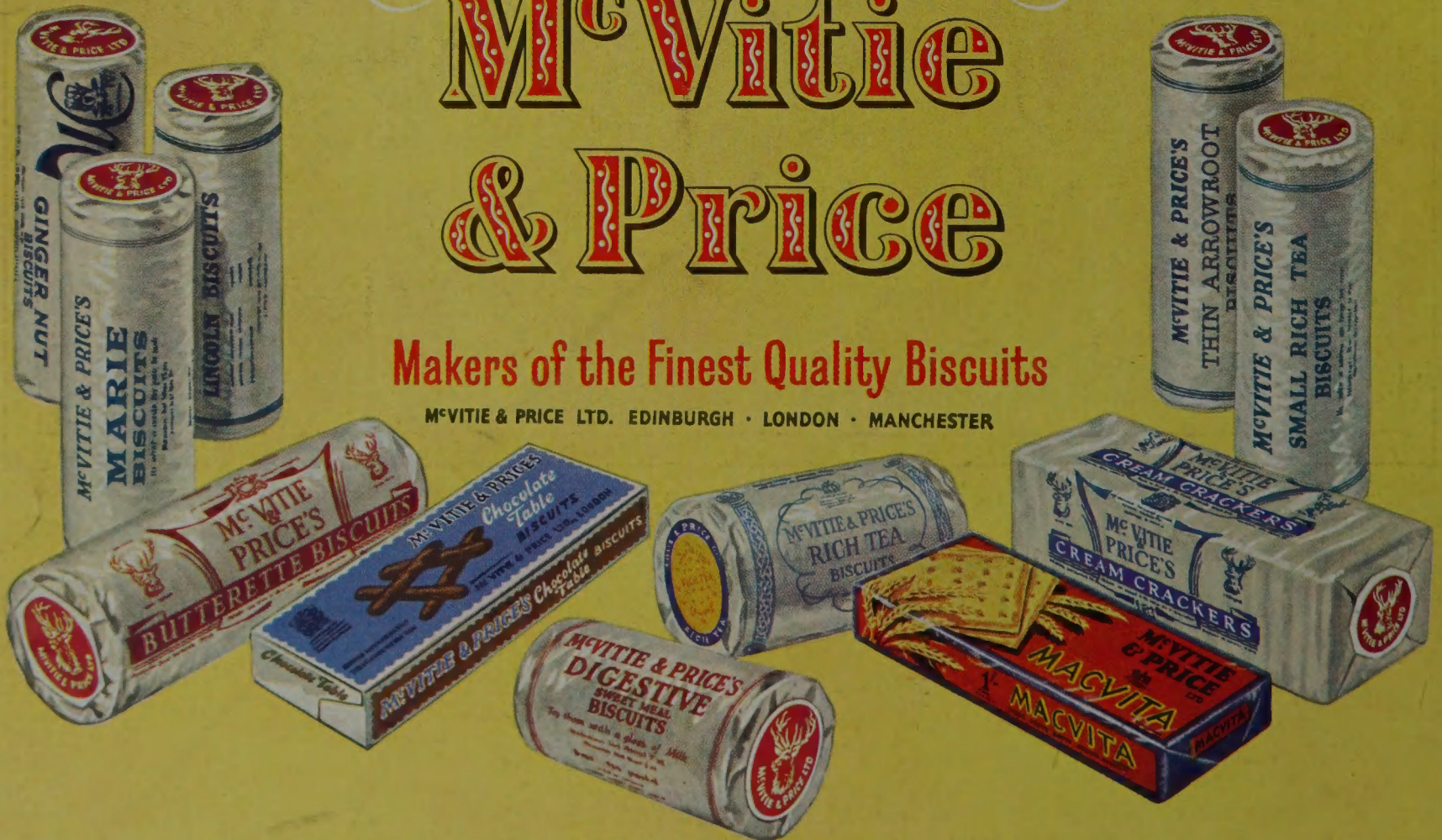
Edinburgh Castle

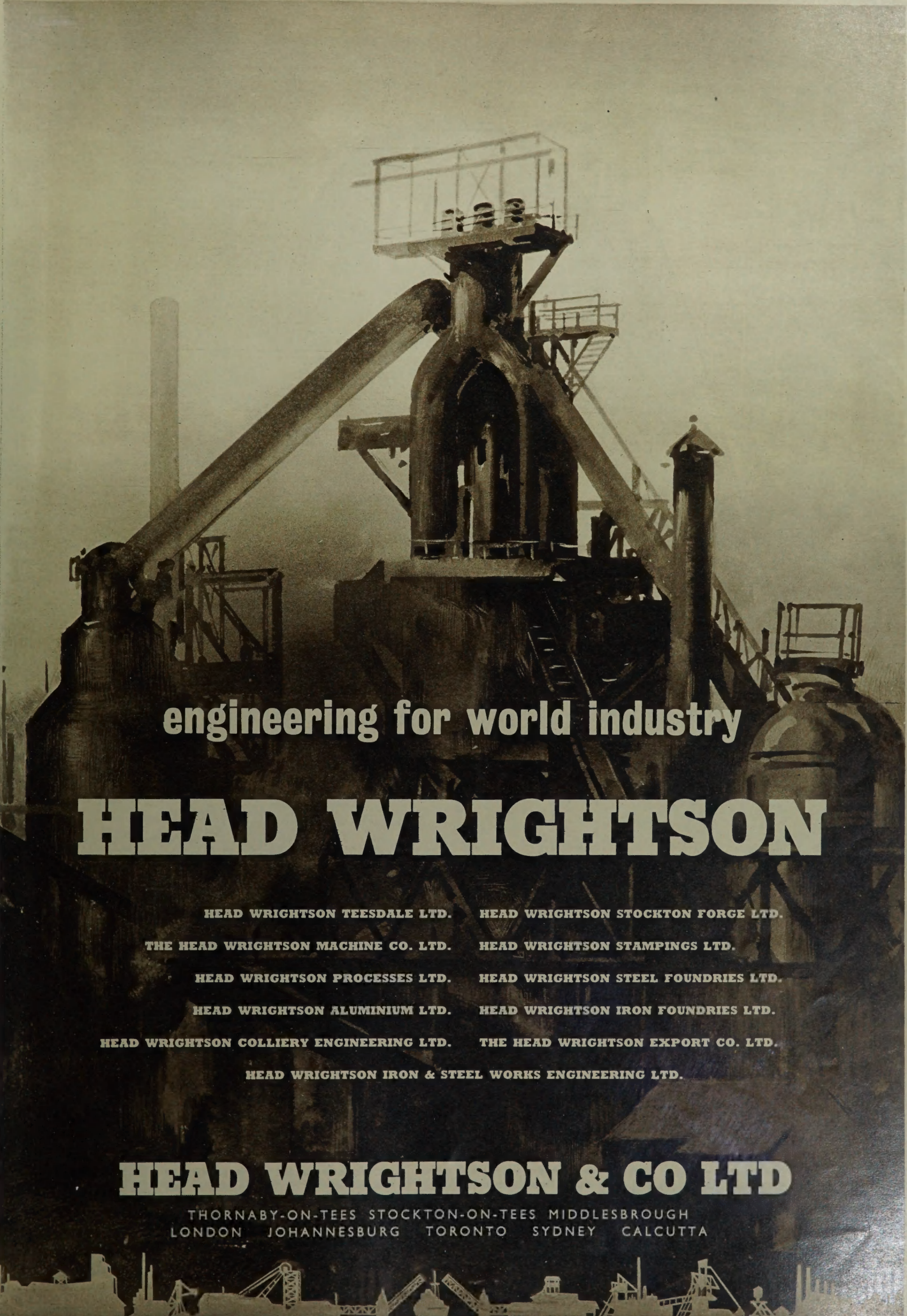
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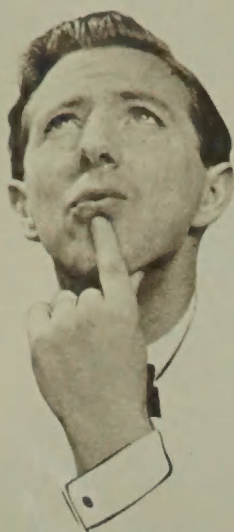
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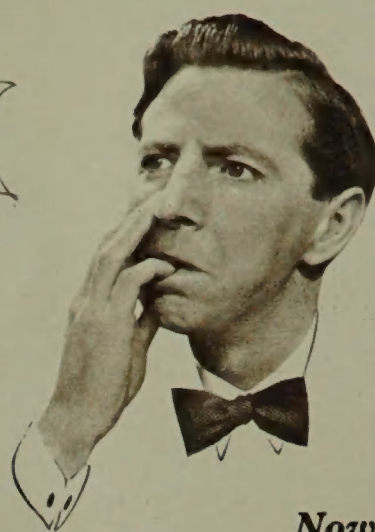
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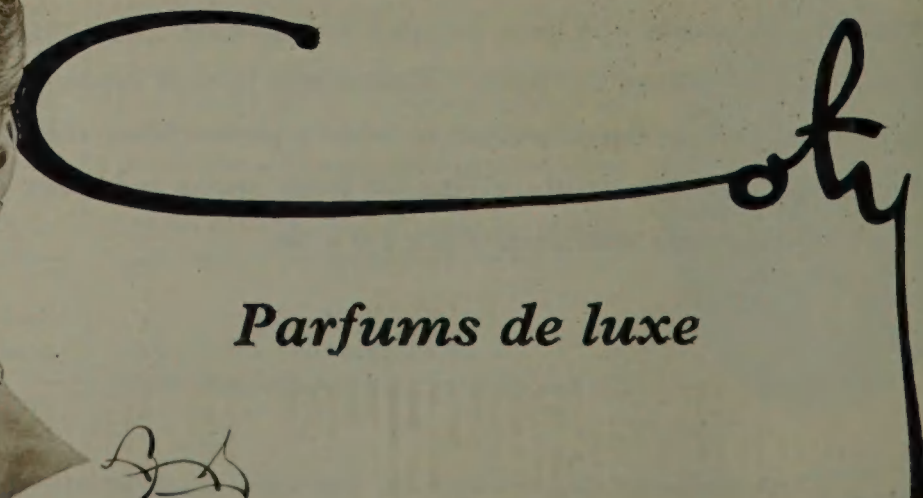


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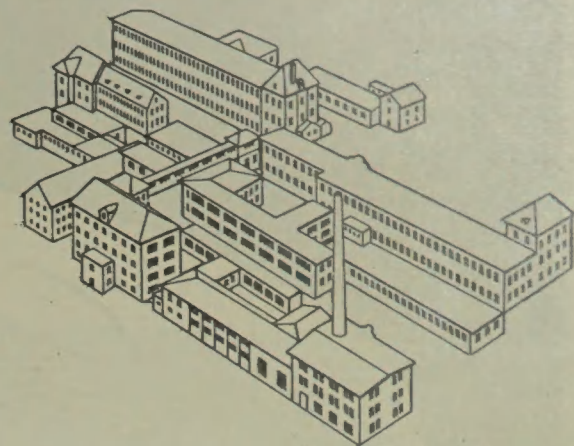
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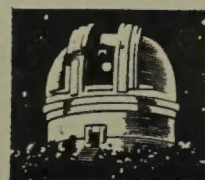
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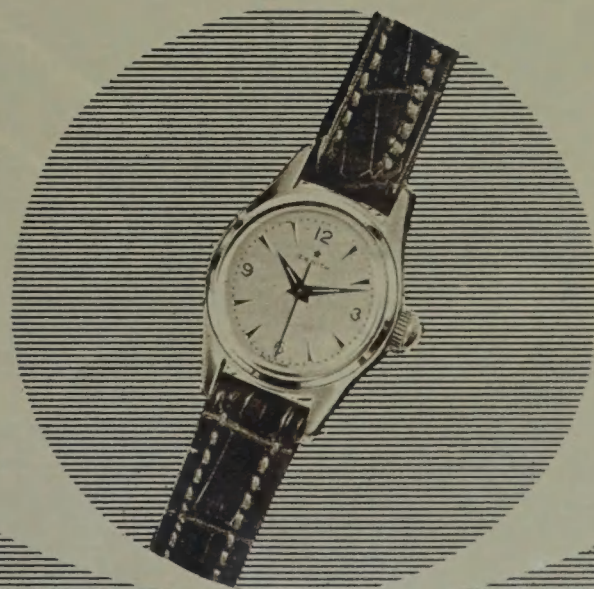
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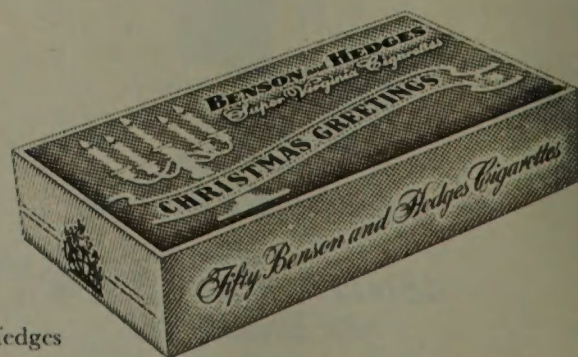
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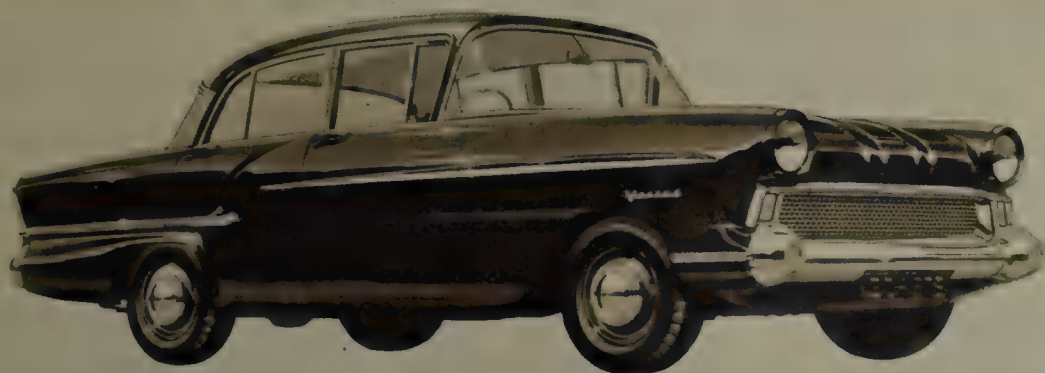
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Christmas calls for the party spirit

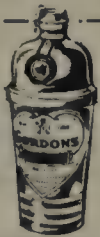
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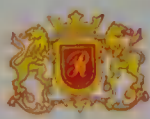
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In the Nineties the increasing fame of Mr. Rothman's first shop began to attract orders from connoisseurs who recognised the skilful blending of Rothmans Cigarettes.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1957



ALICE OF WONDERLAND AND HER SISTERS.

"THREE DAUGHTERS OF DEAN LIDDELL," BY SIR WILLIAM BLAKE RICHMOND, R.A.

" 'I can't explain myself, I'm afraid, sir,' said Alice, 'because I'm not myself, you see.' 'I don't see,' said the Caterpillar.' We are more fortunate, for here we see the real Alice—Alice Liddell (later Mrs. Reginald Hargreaves) sitting on the right with her sisters Edith (left) and Lorina. Alice's father was Dean of Christ Church, the renowned Oxford

College where Lewis Carroll (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson)—the immortal author of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice Through the Looking Glass"—was a mathematical don. This charming portrait of the three sisters was painted in the early 1860's at Dean Liddell's Welsh house, Llandudno, and Great Orme's Head is seen in the background.

Reproduced by courtesy of Major C. H. Liddell, M.C., The Rifle Brigade. This work was in the 1956-57 R.A. Winter Exhibition.

ONLY ONE PENNY—AND ALL ONE PENNY: PENNY TOYS—THE DELIGHT OF OF

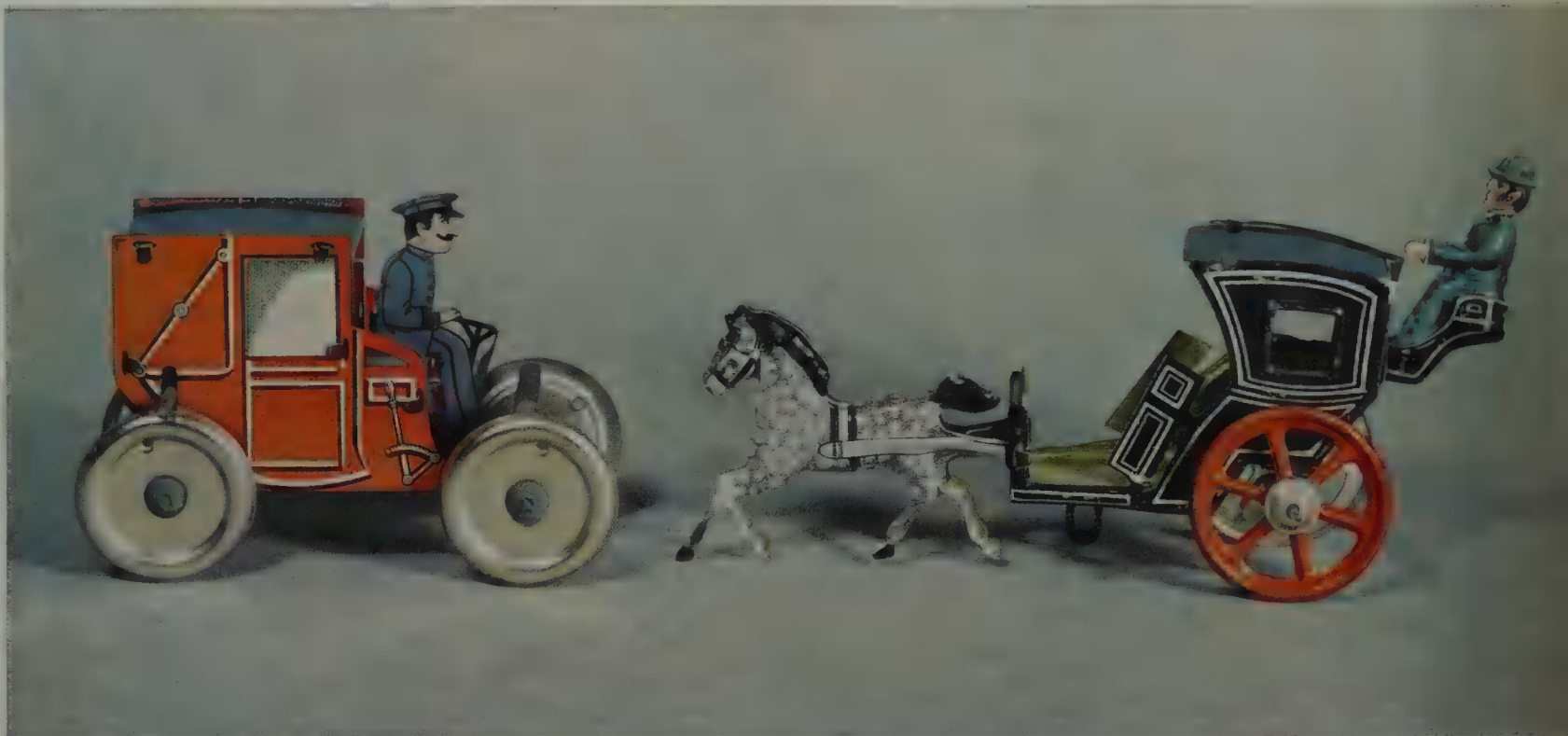


ANIMALS FROM PENNY TOYLAND: (L. TO R.) A REAL WOOL FLEECY LAMB MADE IN GERMANY IN c. 1870; A MINIATURE GERMAN PULL-ALONG GREY HORSE WITH A RABBIT-SKIN TAIL: AN ENGLISH HOLLOW TIN PUG DOG; AND AN ALL-WOOD PULL-ALONG BROWN HORSE TYPICAL OF THE PRODUCTS OF SONNEBERG.

In making this fascinating selection of Penny Toys, MR. LESLIE DAIKEN, who is the author of "Children's Games throughout the Year" and of "Children's Toys Throughout the Ages," and is the originator and founder of the British Toy Museum, writes:

THEY are like the Cries of London. They belong only to yesterday, but two world wars have made the actuality of the Penny Toy recede into what seems to be antiquity. Penny Toys! There's a rhythmic magic in the very phrase that would never sound as hypnotic if we said "ha'penny" or "tuppenny." Penny rattle! Penny whistle! This is the very coinage of late Victorian or Edwardian childhood, surviving only in its storybooks and jingles. Its minting is

[Continued below, right.]



FROM HANSOM TO TAXI: TWO MOST PLEASING PENNY TOYS BOUGHT BY MR. ERNEST KING FROM TOY HAWKERS IN HOLBORN. THE RELAXED ELEGANCE OF THE DRIVER IN THE HANSOM CONTRASTS STRONGLY WITH THE TENSED UPRIGHT POSITION OF THE DRIVER OF WHAT MAY HAVE BEEN AN EARLY HIRE CAR.



MADE TO MOVE UP AND DOWN WITH PROPELLERS ROTATING BY AN INGENIOUS TWO-PULLEY SYSTEM WORKED WITH STRONG THREAD OR LIGHT STRING: THREE "AERONAUTICAL" PENNY TOYS, EACH FAITHFULLY RECORDING A STEP IN OUR CONQUEST OF THE AIR.

[Continued.]

as dead as the dodo—for the very cheapest plaything one can buy anywhere in England this Christmas costs at least twopence. Millions of these baubles were once a fascinating part of the amusement of the English boys and girls who are now grandparents, often great-grandparents, recollecting them in tranquillity. All but a few have been swept from human ken, as ephemeral as the nostalgic candy or pink sugar-mice which are now in the main only sweet memories. All have vanished, except, perhaps, those in some whatnot where the protection of an ancestral home has left them undisturbed; or those in museums, where some curators rightly view such paltry gewgaws as eloquent ciphers of our social history. For so they are—vivid embodiments of fashion and custom; travel and pleasure; trade and child's-play. Possibly the most interesting museum collection is that presented to the London Museum in September 1917 by Mr. Ernest King, after whom it is called. Exhibition space permits only a token showcase of the 1,650 items which this imaginative donor amassed. Yet their current display, in the Children's Room at Kensington Palace, is a source of joy to young and old alike. In the archives are some boxes containing dusty relics of the pre-1914 War—cardboard tricks, comical puzzles and various *papiers de fantaisie*. They all evoke a free-trade-free-world era, but oh, how they belong to yesteryear, like a *cartonnet du bal* silk-threaded pencil, or those glass marbles that once stoppered lemonade bottles...! Thanks to the late Ernest King, we may recapture in microcosm something of a social pattern that is forgotten. His Penny Toys reflect meticulously the stages in transportation fashions from the hansom-cab to the internal combustion engine. They perpetuate the colour and unsophistication of fairground and circus. With fetching naïveté and simple ingenuity, they brought to the poorest child's home the wonders of leverage, flywheels, friction, springs and crankshafts. Without such devices, as every youngster realises, the miracle of movement in a toy just would not be. The first days of aviation and of ballooning; a stylised "Puffing Billy"; a joke stove; a miniature bassinette—rich, indeed, is the variety of human achievement which the Penny Toys mirror. Most of the Ernest King survivals are made of tin, lead or alloys. The tin ones were pressed and cut from brightly-painted sheets and they came to Britain mostly from the Nuremberg toy factories. These manufacturing centres, from 1890 to 1914, supplied the toyshops of England (and for some years afterwards, of the world) with metal playthings. Of Nuremberg's 300 assembly lines, 200 factories were engaged in the metal-toy trade. Wooden Penny Toys, in a truer folk

[Continued top, centre.]

The four animal Penny Toys (top left) are reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the Toy Museum; the remaini

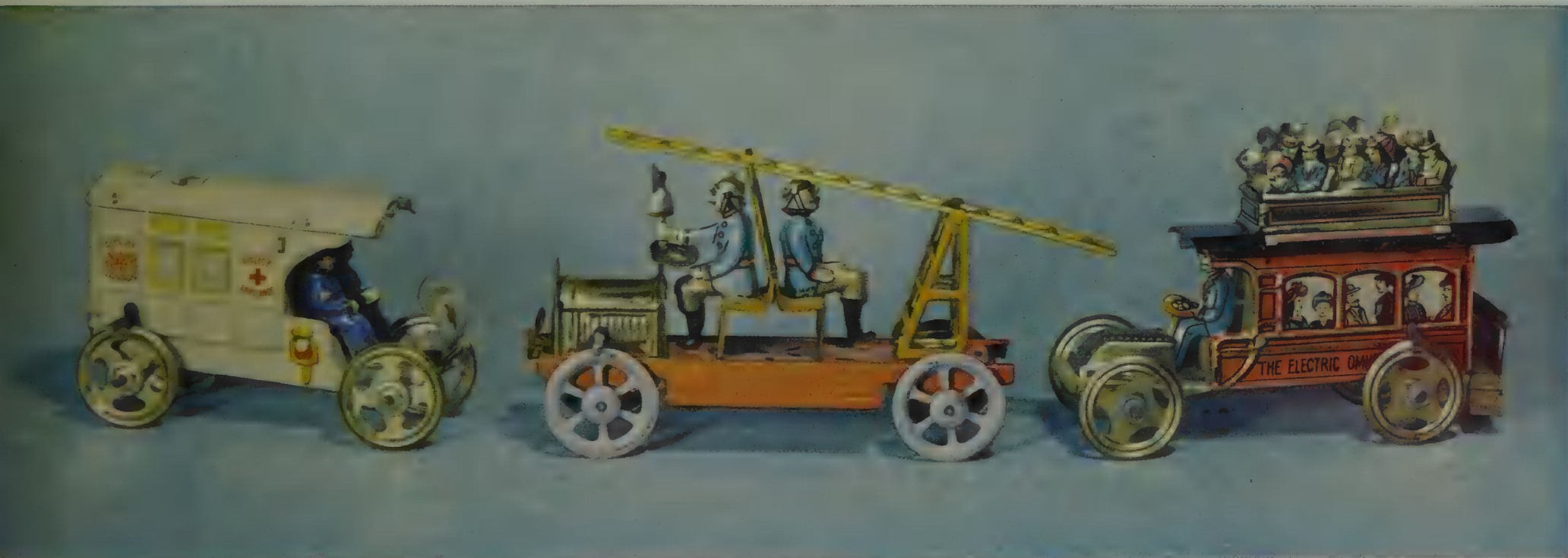
CHILDREN IN THE PAST AND A LASTING RECORD OF CHANGING FASHIONS

(Continued.)

tradition, came from Sonneberg, where they have been making things of softwoods for centuries, and where they also cornered the world market for glass Christmas tree ornaments, Easter eggs, chickens and rabbits. England, France and the United States each supplied a local market, and Japan, of course, specialised in Penny Toys made from fancy papers, bamboo sticks and plaster—all very characteristic. The between-the-wars phase of celluloid Penny dolls, and animals, was short-lived because of that material's inflammability. London children got most of their Penny Toys (in the Christmas stocking, or throughout the year) from the Lowther Arcade in the Strand, a site now partly occupied by a bank, opposite Charing Cross Station. But hawkers and pavement hucksters were the most effective Penny Toy

[Continued below.]

A JACK-IN-THE-STOVE AND OTHER METAL PENNY TOYS: (L. TO R.) AN ENGINE TYPICAL OF THE BRITISH MASS-PRODUCED TIN PENNY TOYS; A SPRING-OPERATED TIN JACK-IN-THE-STOVE; AND A DELIGHTFUL DOLL'S BABY-CARRIAGE MADE OF MOULDED LEAD.



AMONG THE MANY FASCINATING MOTOR-TRANSPORT VEHICLES IN THE LONDON MUSEUM'S COLLECTION OF PENNY TOYS: THREE FLY-WHEEL-DRIVEN TIN MODELS OF LONDON PUBLIC SERVICE VEHICLES OF THE EARLY YEARS OF THIS CENTURY. IT IS PENNY TOYS SUCH AS THESE THAT ARE ESPECIALLY "ELOQUENT CIPHERS OF OUR SOCIAL HISTORY."

(Continued.)

distributors. When a rapidly-changing London drove this harmless squad of pedlars from Ludgate Hill to another pitch in Holborn (outside where Gamages Store now stands), Ernest King, who had been a familiar customer on Ludgate Hill for many years, followed them with his patronage. His collecting rules were more consistent than eccentric. Anything that sold for a penny he would buy. And only one of any article. A scrapbook in the King Collection has newspaper cuttings dated 1907 that report humanely on the wretchedness of the Penny Toy hawkers harassed and hopeless in Holborn. Thence they were finally banished altogether by police regulations. It is a poignant document, and must have filled Ernest King with ironic thoughts about "London's improvements" and "civic progress."



TWO PENNY TOYS OF THE CIRCUS AND THE FAIRGROUND: A CLOWN WHO CAN BE MADE TO WHACK HIS DONKEY BY THE USE OF LEVER; A ROTATING FERRIS WHEEL WITH COVERED CABINS MADE IN ENGLAND AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY. THE MANY FAIRGROUND TOYS IN THE PENNY TOYS SERIES ALSO INCLUDE A MODEL OF THE FAMOUS 1905 MACHINE SO POPULAR AT BLACKPOOL.

Penny Toys are all from the Ernest King Collection, and are reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the London Museum.



PROVIDING MUCH ENJOYMENT A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: A "SOLITAIRE" BOARD FILLED WITH MARBLES, ONE OF WHICH IS REMOVED BEFORE PLAY STARTS; COLOURFUL WOODEN SOLDIERS; A MAGIC LANTERN WITH A SLIDE IN FRONT OF IT; A KALEIDOSCOPE; AND TOY THEATRE FIGURES.



TOYS OF SOUND AND MOVEMENT: A MUSICAL FAMILY ALBUM (LEFT) AND A TALKING BOOK ILLUSTRATING AND IMITATING "FARMYARD FRIENDS AND HOUSEHOLD PETS"; DECORATED CHINA SPHERES USED FOR PARLOUR BOWLS; AND A SIMPLIFIED VERSION OF STEPHENSON'S "ROCKET."

FILLING THE CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS OF VICTORIAN BOYS AND GIRLS: FIRESIDE PASTIMES OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Victorian boys and girls may not have had television or wireless to help pass the long winter evenings during the Christmas holidays, but they had many entertaining toys and pastimes which by now have achieved the status of museum pieces, though many of them differ only slightly from their modern counterparts. "Solitaire," a game said to have been invented by a prisoner in the Bastille and still widely enjoyed to-day, was played after taking one marble off the board and trying to get all but one of the remainder removed by passing one over another into a vacant hole behind it, and removing the marble passed over. The Magic Lantern displayed by Papa was not always instructive, for there were "trick"

and "comic" effects obtained by moving a sheet of glass (such as that painted with a juggler) backwards and forwards so that an illusion of movement was achieved. The Toy Theatre, also still popular to-day, was a great favourite, and many hours were spent cutting out and mounting the characters. Musical Boxes were sometimes mounted in albums, so that when the book was opened the tune began to play, and in the Talking Book miniature bellows produced farmyard or animal noises when the appropriate string was pulled. The Kaleidoscope, invented and patented by Sir David Brewster in 1817, has delighted children of all ages ever since with its myriad of colourful patterns.

The "Family Album" is in the collection of Mr. J. F. Parker, of Tickenhill; and the remaining toys are from the collection of Mr. Gerald Morice, of Malvern.)



"THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE"—SYMBOLISING CHRIST CRUCIFIED: PROBABLY PAINTED BY A FLEMISH ARTIST WORKING IN SPAIN IN ABOUT 1500 A.D.

This fascinating three-tiered composition, which has long posed a multitude of problems for art historians, combines several of the traditional elements used in the representation of the Fountain of Life. The Fountain appears as the stream of living water, symbolising regeneration or baptism—a concept which, during the late Middle Ages, became associated with that of the blood and water flowing from the wounds of Christ—Eucharist and Baptism. This connotation is stressed by the appearance (in the lower tier) of

representatives of Church and Synagogue debating on either side of the Fountain, the water of which flows into a basin with water Hosts floating in it. There are four known versions of this composition. The earliest, believed to have been executed by a pupil of Van Eyck in about 1455, is at the Prado Museum in Madrid. The version shown here (acquired by Oberlin in 1952) was probably painted by a Flemish artist working in Spain some fifty years later, and incorporates borrowings from several of Jan van Eyck's works.

Oil on panel: 73 x 45½ ins. Reproduced by courtesy of the Allen Memorial Art Museum, Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio.

THE LAND WHERE CHRISTMAS IS ALWAYS A WHITE ONE: ANTARCTIC SCENES
PAINTED BY EDWARD SEAGO DURING THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S WORLD TOUR.



"THE BLINK"—AN ICEBERG FLOATING MAJESTICALLY IN THE GLIMMERING LIGHT CAUSED BY REFLECTION FROM ICE IN THE POLAR REGIONS.



"ANTARCTIC BLACK": A STRIKING SCENE OF GLISTENING ICE, STEELY WATER AND GLOWERING SKY VIVIDLY PAINTED BY EDWARD SEAGO.

There is no need to dream of a white Christmas if you happen to live in Antarctica, for—though Christmas falls during their summer season—there is never a moment when snow and ice do not dominate the scenery all around you. It was not until a few days after

last Christmas that the Duke of Edinburgh—during his outstandingly successful World Tour—crossed the Antarctic Circle on board the Royal yacht *Britannia*. Among the Duke's companions on board *Britannia* was the well-known artist Edward Seago, who thus became probably

These paintings by Edward Seago are reproduced by gracious



"JOHN BISCOE IN PACK-ICE." DURING HIS TOUR THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SPENT TWO DAYS IN THE ROYAL RESEARCH SHIP *JOHN BISCOE*.



"JOHN BISCOE AT BASE 'F'" —ONE OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS DEPENDENCIES SURVEY BASES WHICH ARE NOW TAKING PART IN THE I.G.Y.

the first professional artist to have had the opportunity of painting the superb scenery of Antarctica. The brittle light and the glimmering ice and snow combine with the forceful seas and the imposing rocks and mountains to make this one of the most impressive regions in the world.

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Few of us will ever be able to see Antarctica—though as one of the most active centres of research in the current International Geophysical Year it is now more often in the news—but in these vivid paintings we have a striking impression of the mystery and beauty of this region.



CHRISTMAS GUESTS : BLUE TITS IN WINTER.

At Christmas, when skies are almost invariably heavy and overcast and when there may well be snow on the ground, the Blue Tit, always one of the more colourful birds to be seen in Britain, is more than usually welcome. James Milner, in his charming woodcut, "Blue Tits," has admirably caught the charm of this little

bird during the bleak winter days. The artist, who died in 1954, studied at Paris and in Manchester and Huddersfield. He was for some time an art teacher, and his work included paintings, etchings and colour woodcuts. He was an Associate of the Royal West of England Academy.

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She clung to him, damping his tweed shoulder. His arms came up mechanically and for a moment held her tight. Then he put her away from him and, afraid of giving way again to his exasperation, abruptly strode out of the room . . .

THE LITTLE TREE

By MARIE MUIR.

Illustrated by WILL NICKLESS.

ALONE in her dining-room, the curtains drawn against the December dusk, Jane Gardiner unfurled the crumpled paper from a small, artificial Christmas tree and felt conspicuous and sad. Conspicuous because, when Charles came bustling in, all life and vigour after his afternoon's shooting, he would think her a sentimental fool. Sad, because it *was* sad to decorate the little old tree, used for so many Christmases that it had become a fetish with her and Richard, all by oneself. Sad, too, because the day grown-up Richard had married, little Richard had seemed to go out of the house as well, only returning, a ghost to clutch at her heartstrings, every year when she pulled the wired branches into shape, opened his once-cherished box of tinsel strings and baubles and, wishing she did not so strongly feel this urge to make herself miserable, started to decorate The Tree.

This year, though as always it rapidly grew charming under her fingers, it was a real depressant. Not only was she alone with the decorations; they were hardly going to have any Christmas at all, because Richard could not leave his atomic mysteries long enough to bring Siri down from Scotland. It was even worse than last year, when she had stubbornly left the decorating so that they could take part, and they had arrived late and disinclined, only to be pressed into a panic-stations search at the last minute for the mislaid Tree. Laughing immoderately, Richard had helped ransack drawers and cupboards, while Charles made indulgent fun of them to Siri in the hall below. They had found it below a roll of old curtains and got it arrayed before they left for Midnight Service . . . everything had come right in the end. But *this* year, there wasn't even occasion for bad moments—

Charles, suddenly striding in, found her with two tears sliding down her cheeks, and for once said what he thought—or, rather, wanted to know what *she* thought:

"What's the idea, upsetting yourself? Now, look, Jane—this tree business. It's the same every year. For three hundred and sixty or so days you're as contented as can be—proud as the devil of Richard's job and delighted with your Norwegian daughter-in-law! Then comes Christmas, and, by Heaven—*why do you have to make yourself miserable with that tree?*"

"I just have to."

That was no answer, Jane knew. Crying openly now, she clutched the table's elegant piecrust edge:

"It's—we've had it so long, Charles, since Richard was a little boy. It's become *part* of Christmas!"

"I'll say it has!" roared Charles, uncharacteristically violent. "Damn silly little thing, stuck up every year, like a skeleton at the feast—"

"Charles—!"

"That's what it's become! The season of peace and goodwill, ruined by a thing you used to boast only cost you a shilling!"

"But Charles, if we don't have it, I'll feel something's died! I *must* have it, Charles—I *must*! I'm not upset, really, only—"

She clung to him, damping his tweed shoulder. His arms came up mechanically and for a moment held her tight. Then he put her away from him and, afraid of giving way again to his exasperation, abruptly strode out of the room, leaving her to look through tears at the little tree, its magnified glitter reflected in silver and bright colours in the gleaming dark pool of the mahogany.

Gulping, she was trying stubbornly to attach the last tinsel star when the door opened again and Charles came back.

"You can stop that," he said, in a voice whose warmth and decision took her back years. "I've told Mrs. Wicks she can have the turkey, and telephoned for a room at that hotel the Smithsons were at last year. Get packed—and remember your evening frock, darling. We're going away for Christmas!"

"Charles, it was a wonderful idea!"

Jane snuggled close against him in her furs. Shattered, at first, by the thought of leaving home, she was as thrilled now as though they were on honeymoon. It was so long since Charles, of late rather settled in his tastes, had suggested anything new that she was quite swept off her feet. Their suitcases, full of festive clothes, were in the boot, the dog and cat boarded out comfortably, the plum-pudding and mince-pies entrusted to the vicar . . . and it was still only early afternoon of Christmas Eve.

"What a marvellous place!" she sighed, pleased, when the hotel came in sight at the head of a long, steep drive that gave brief glimpses of London, lurid in a smoky sunset, between the evergreens.

It was an old house, like their own, but far, far bigger. Lights glowed in its many windows, and there were rows of parked cars outside. As they pulled up in front of the entrance she caught and squeezed his hand in the time it took a page-boy to dash down the steps for their luggage:

"It's lovely, darling!"

Charles smiled down at her, with the crinkling of his dark eyes that she loved. Except for his rather distinguished greying hair, he might not have been a day over forty, she thought, chiding herself for reflecting several times lately that he was "getting on." She felt young and elated herself when, the car stowed away and the page strutting ahead with their suitcases, they found themselves stepping out of an anachronistic elevator and walking down a long, thickly-carpeted corridor to their room.

"It's so warm!" she whispered.

"S-sh—! Don't give away that we came from an igloo!"

Jane giggled. In their room, when the page had accepted his tip and gone, her sense of well-being intensified. The beds were soft, the *decor* unobtrusive; there was a slot-meter electric fire to augment the *central* heating, and flowers, with a card from the management wishing them a happy Christmas. She flew about, unpacking the top *layers* of *clothes*, shaking out the dress she meant to wear for dinner and *getting* ready to go down for tea.

Charles sat on the edge of one of the beds and watched her, satisfied. Occasionally his eyes strayed to a gathering fog outside the windows, and she knew he was remembering the sunset over his fields at home, but that was all.

"You look lovely," he said, putting an arm round her as they went to the door.

Downstairs in the hall, they were met by the manager, a young man about Richard's age, exuding welcome and regret that the Smithsons had not also been able to "make it."

"Did they intend to come?" Jane asked Charles in some alarm—Mrs. Smithson played bridge, and she didn't; not Mrs. Smithson's kind—but he pursed his lips, shrugging:

"Don't think so."

The manager, whose name was Bartlemy—"I tell everyone to call me Bart!"—led them into a large, disconcertingly hot residents' lounge; once the drawing-room, Jane supposed, though now the ceiling was obscured by balloons and paper-chains, and clumps of overstuffed chairs and coffee tables covered under the domination of an enormous tree, ablaze with lights and covered with small parcels in coloured wrappings. With a smile he filched two from the lower branches and handed them to Charles and Jane:

"An old family custom, here! So sorry to ask you to share a table, later, but—well, late bookings, you understand. Now I must fly. Got to get into my Santa Claus outfit before long. God bless!"

Wincing, they left their parcels unopened, avoiding each other's eyes. But tea, arriving promptly, was good—the sandwiches fresh and cress-sprinkled, the cakes home-made. Relaxed in their deep chairs, they found the pervading scent of tea and toast and pine-needles seductive, not to say soporific, once they grew used to the heat. Charles began to nod, to Jane's dismay; to take her mind off him she looked about her at the other residents, and her spirits, already unsteadied by the silly parcels, dived rapidly.

They all looked so *old*—and so bored. Couple after couple, wearing expressions that said there was nothing to look forward to now till dinner. Here a solitary man, defended by a newspaper; there a woman, also alone, with hungry eyes . . . all motionless under the festoons that stirred softly in the heat-currents; all dwarfed by the huge, gift-laden tree. . . .

Do we look like that, Charles and I? she wondered, unobtrusively scanning. *That man and his wife are younger than we are, though. . . .*

That went for about half their fellow-guests, she slowly realised. But under the circumstances, it only depressed her. She was fighting incipient claustrophobia when to her relief the waitress came to take away their tray, and Charles opened his eyes and sat up.

"Just put those back on the tree for the children," he said, pushing the parcels across: "—Or keep 'em yourself, if you like!"

The girl flushed, pleased:

"Well, sir, there 're special ones for children—"

A child came into the lounge at that moment, holding the hand of his mother; a tall young blonde escorted by a vivacious receptionist who had evidently had lessons from Mr. Bartlemy. He was a frowning, distrustful little boy in a crew-cut and American clothes, but Jane's spirits rose at the sight, and Charles surveyed the girl with approval.

"Nice to see somebody young!" he said, *sotto voce*.

By the perceptible shift and stir in the room, almost everyone felt the same. The young mother, embarrassed to find herself the focus of so many eyes, plunged into the first chair she could find and pulled the child to her.

"Oh, Bunch, look—a real English Christmas tree!" she said in a high, artificial voice. "Isn't it swell?"

The little boy, jaw dropping slightly, looked up at the thing towering to the ceiling above him. He said nothing.

"Isn't it the loveliest tree, honey?"

The child turned away, and refused to look.

Someone laughed. Someone else said, asininely: "He's shy!" The receptionist, finding herself crossing the room alone, turned back, made an irritable show of pulling one or two chairs together, and stooping as far as her tight skirt allowed, dragged him away from his mother and presented him with the two regulation parcels from the tree.

"Look, dear—one for you, and one for Mummy!" she said brightly. "And Santa will give you another, soon!"

The little boy flung the parcels on the floor. One burst into a small heap of pink bath-salts, and from the other—merry jape of Mr. Bartlemy's—ready-wound-up clockwork beetle scurried across their feet.

With a shriek the child flailed away the pearl-taloned receptionist, clinging to his embarrassed parent just as the swing doors opened to a carillon of sleigh-bells, and Santa Claus strode jovially in.

Two or three older, experienced-looking children, offspring of some of the youngish couples at the tables, followed him in, but after one glance he made straight for the agitated group.

"Get that swept up before it treads into the pile, Miss Miller," he said, out of the corner of his whiskers. "Now, sonny—don't like your presents, eh? Come on, then—let Santa see you get something nice. That big green one, up there—see? It's a rocket-jet. Reach it yourself!"

Grasping him by the waist, he swung him up in the air, among the dark, scratchy green branches of the tree. The child kicked and screamed convulsively, sending parcels and decorations flying; Jane started to her feet, in spite of Charles's warning pressure, and the young mother, crimson to the roots of her pale hair, saved the situation by jumping up herself and seizing her child as he came down.

"He's scared. Maybe the trip upset him—I guess I'd better take him upstairs!" she stammered incoherently, and fled with him howling into her shoulder.

"Have Madam's tea sent up to her room, Miss Miller," said Santa, nastily.

Silence fell again upon the lounge, after the older children had received the afternoon's handout and retired to their respective parents to unwrap their gifts. By the time they went off again to what the brochure on the tables described as a superbly-equipped games-room, and Santa, surreptitiously dabbing with a handkerchief under his whiskers, had tidied up the

tree and gone to metamorphose into Mr. Bartlemy, there was not long to wait till dinner.

Jane was as glad to escape from the unnatural peace as she had—mistakenly—been to welcome the child and his mother. Dressing refreshed her, however; Charles and she having got into sloppy habits at home since Richard married; eating off trolleys, in tweeds and sweaters from dawn till dusk. . . .

"You look lovely!" he again said with genuine admiration.

The black lace dress and violet stole brought out the fairness of her still-fine skin and the clear whites of her eyes. She knew, even without his proprietorial expression to tell her, that she could easily hold any number of candles to their fellow-guests; including the young mother who, pale, nervy and over made-up, in vivid "separates," was shown to their table a few minutes after they settled themselves.

"Mrs. Marling—here with her little boy!" briefly introduced Mr. Bartlemy. He had a bruise under one eye.

Mrs. Marling explained in her high voice that her husband was flying in Europe, so she had just had to bring Bunch here for Christmas. Alert to the signs of

strain in the young face, Jane plunged recklessly into intimacy:

"It was positively insane, the way they upset your little boy this afternoon!"

The girl gave her a nervous look, biting her scarlet under-lip:

"Yes. But he's all right now, I guess—I left him asleep, and do you know, there's a maid on each corridor, so I'll be told if he cries. Don't you think it's a good hotel?"

"Very," said Charles heartily. "Friends of ours recommended it. Splendid idea, your coming, rather than spend Christmas alone."

Jane privately dissented. Just then, however, their soup arrived, simultaneously with the striking-up of a dance band in a holly-decked alcove. After a spoonful or two, Charles, with a smile for her, invited Mrs. Marling to dance; they shuffled round the floor in a gathering crowd while it cooled, to Jane's sorrow; but when they returned, the girl's cheeks bright and her eyes less defensive, she felt he had suffered in a good cause.

By the end of the meal, throughout which he danced with each impartially, Mrs. Marling was begging them to call her Linda. This they did, with some inhibition on Jane's part; as a rule, she made friends slowly, and for life. Moreover, she was a little tired by now; Linda's vivacity was too forced, and the close proximity of the band had given her a headache. When the waiters came round the tables with crackers, streamers and balloons, she quailed, and before long, with the air heavy with cigarette smoke, long trails of coloured paper shooting across the shrieking dancers, and balloons bursting in the heat, she knew she must slip upstairs for an aspirin or shatter poor Charles's evident conviction that she was having a wonderful Christmas.

Still to-morrow to go, she thought, escaping; so thankful for peace and quiet that she climbed the stairs instead of waiting for the elevator. And Boxing Day. It seemed like years before they could get home again. . . .



The child kicked and screamed convulsively, sending parcels and decorations flying; Jane started to her feet, in spite of Charles' warning pressure.

The carpet was kind under her feet, tired in the pretty strip sandals she had only worn once, previously, for the Hunt Ball. The pile was so thick and soft, her steps made no sound in the upstairs corridor . . . and neither did the little form in white that came flitting towards her from the other end, like a ghost of her own small Richard. . . .

Jane's startled heart almost turned over. Then, recovering herself quickly, she stooped, holding out her hand.

"You're Bunch Marling, aren't you?" she said, barring the way. "What's the matter?"

The child's face was the colour of his sleeping-suit. His teeth chattered. "C-crying!" he gasped, glancing over his shoulder with a convulsive shiver.

Jane put her arms round him, recognising a need even greater than his panic of the afternoon. He was cold as marble—instead

of ringing for the delinquent floor-maid, or carrying him down to the shrieking mob on the dance-floor, she lifted him gently into her own room, and, switching on the fire, sat down to warm his feet.

"Crying——!" he repeated, looking in her face.

Crooning, Jane nodded, trying not to feel hotly indignant against his mother, dancing and flinging streamers and telling everyone to call her Linda, somewhere below.

"Did it make you dream? It was such a big tree, wasn't it?" she soothed. "Little boys like little trees best, don't they? My little boy once had a——"

Her voice thickened. Aware she mustn't cry, whatever memories the quivering little body on her lap recalled, she was suddenly inspired.

"I brought his little tree with me," she said, rising with him clasped tightly against her. "In my case—look!"

Burrowing with one hand, she brought out from beneath a nylon petticoat The Tree—which, at the last moment before departure, she had felt she could not leave standing in the empty house. Very slowly, careful of the baubles which had become detached when she so hastily swathed it, fully dressed, in tissue-paper, she unfurled the branches and set it up, all miniature sparkle and glow, in its little red pot on top of the slot-meter.

After a moment of solemn regard, Bunch put out a finger and began, not very expertly, helping to untangle the tinsel strings.

"Gee——" he said, under his breath.

There was a sound like a sob from the doorway. Startled, Jane looked round.

A girl stood there—dark and pretty, with black eyes and wide, Magyar cheekbones, wearing the neat uniform of the hotel staff. From her long lashes, tears spilled in bright rivers down her frightened face.

Jane set the absorbed Bobby gently on his feet, and, rising, went over to the door:

"You were left in charge, weren't you? What's the matter?"

"——Please?"

"What—is—wrong?" asked Jane, slowly and unnecessarily loud.

"It is——" the girl said something incomprehensible, broke off and tried a snatch of another language: "——*heilige nacht*. I am so lonely, in my little room of the brushes. I think of my home—my mother—and then . . . the little one, he is gone. I am so terribly afraid——"

"Oh, my dear! You're Hungarian?"

"From Hungary, last year—yes. I hear you—I find you with the tree——"

The throaty voice faltered, the tears ran down again. Jane put an arm round her:

"Don't cry. He's all right. What is your name?"

Vla was all she could make of it. Acting by instinct she drew her over to Bunch and the by-now unevenly loaded tree.

"Help us with it, Vla!"

The girl put out a hand, almost as Bunch had done. Very gently she touched some of the shining balls into place, lulled as he was by the warmth and peace—then suddenly turned eagerly to Jane:

"Please—wait, just a little! I go for——" stumblingly she checked herself in a babble of Hungarian: "——for such little stars and crosses—please!"

Bewildered, Jane nodded. She thought the girl probably fled to fetch some beloved trinket of her own, and was prepared to wait till morning, if need be, though what she really should have done was send her for Linda Marling. Charles must be growing anxious, by now. . . .

"Please——"

Vla was back, tears forgotten, her great eyes sparkling. On her open palms she carried before her a selection of tiny stars and crosses, cut from the crust of some sticky brown bread. Behind her, to Jane's surprise and embarrassment, was a young man in a chef's white cap, whose concerned eyebrows rose steeply at sight of the tree.

"So that's it!" he said. "Excuse me, Madam. Thought I'd better follow her, in case—well, she's seemed so down-hearted. You know!"

"Of course!" said Jane. "Come in."

The chef stepped into the room, muttering something about getting a packet if Bart found out. When she saw the way he put his arm round the girl's shoulders as she bent devotedly over the tree, she had to give up a dawning idea of taking Vla home with them and having, at last, the perfect Continental help. But it didn't matter—and next moment it was forgotten, as Charles spoke explosively from the door:

"——So there you are! Good Lord——!"

He had Linda Marling with him. At the sight of her child she disconcertingly burst out crying. Bunch was apparently only afraid of tears when they were a stifled sound in the night; he glanced round, smiled briefly at his mother, and turned back to helping Vla again. The young chef coughed, embarrassed, and Charles gawped at the tree.

"Good Lord! Well, I'm—look, darling, I made an arrangement——"

"Bunch, honey, we're going right back to-morrow! Oh, Mrs. Gardiner, my husband—he's not flying abroad. I just got so homesick, over here, we quarrelled, you see. But I've been telling your husband, and he said——"

"Jane, what made you bring that tree?"

"I just had to," said Jane.

This time, he seemed to understand, though she was never to know; at that moment the bedside telephone rang. Looking round wildly, Charles leapt at it, listened for a moment, and shouting: "Right—she's here!" beckoned her over and thrust the receiver into her hand.

Richard's voice came to her from Scotland, as clear as if he were in the already overcrowded room:

"Hello, Mother. Dad told us you were a bit low about no family Christmas. The fact

is, Mother, Siri—well, she's not feeling too good just now. You know. We were keeping it for a Christmas surprise—you'll find the letter waiting at home. We'll have to get out the little tree again next year!"

"——What?" almost screamed Jane. "Darling, do you mean Siri's——?"

"In about six months, Mother."

Jane held the receiver away from her.

"It's my son!" she cried to the crowd in the room, her voice so full of joy that even Vla and Bunch looked round from the tree: "My son and his wife. They—they're going to have a baby!"

There was a chorus of congratulation. A glass ball fell and smashed with a sharp little tinkle.

"Well, Mother," said Richard's amused voice as she held the receiver back to her ear: "Dad sounded worried, last night. He said he didn't know if you'd enjoy the hotel—but you seem to be having quite a party!"

"Give my love to Siri," said Jane, looking at her guests round the tree. "Yes, darling, you're right. It is—quite a party!"



—and next moment it was forgotten, ■ Charles spoke explosively from the door: "So there you are! Good Lord——!" He had Linda Marling with him.

REAL "GHOST STORIES"—FROM HAUNTED CASTLES OF SCOTLAND.



INHABITED CONTINUOUSLY BY THE FAMILY OF BURNETT OF LEYS SINCE THE 16TH CENTURY : CRATHES CASTLE, KINCARDINESHIRE, HAUNTED BY A GREEN LADY AND HER CHILD.



THE FIVE TOWER OF FINHAVEN CASTLE, ANGUS, SCENE OF MANY DARK DEEDS, WHOSE WOODS ARE HAUNTED BY THE GHOST OF BAREFOOT JOCK.



WHERE HEADLESS EWAN RIDES A PHANTOM HORSE BESIDE THE WATERS OF LOCHBUIE : MOY CASTLE, AT THE HEAD OF THE LOCH ON THE ISLE OF MULL.

Ghosts are in general the outcome of dark deeds ; but there have been many more dark deeds in the past than there are ghosts now. To survive, ghosts seem to need a climate of belief and, like plants, a locality that suits them. Here, drawn by our artist, are four castles or ancient houses of Scotland, three on its north-east coast, one in the Isle of Mull, which have what may be called "accredited" ghosts ; and each has its own aura. On later pages we recall and illustrate the story of each ; here we briefly summarise the houses's history. Moy Castle, a single surviving tower, standing at the head of Lochbuie, in the Isle of Mull, dates mainly from about 1600, though parts may be much older. It was almost certainly built by the family of MacLaine, who later built another house nearby where Dr. Johnson and Boswell stayed.



AUCHANACHIE, ABERDEENSHIRE, WHERE THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE IS WALKED BY A PHANTOM NUN—A LONG-DEFAUDED GORDON HEIRESS OF THE PROPERTY.

Crathes Castle stands on the north bank of the Dee, in Kincardineshire, and was built by the family of Burnett of Leys during 1553-96 on lands granted by Robert the Bruce in 1323. The Burnetts, who were descendants of a Saxon pre-Conquest family of Burnard, have continuously occupied the house since its construction. It was handed over to the National Trust in 1951. Auchanachie, a fine house contemporary with Crathes, bears over the door the inscription, "From Our Enemies Defende Us O Christ 1594." It contains a fine spiral staircase and an enormous chimney, and was built by a branch of the Gordon family. Finhaven Castle, in Angus, a single riven tower, was built by the Earls of Crawford and the surviving remains date from the sixteenth century, though some parts are perhaps a century earlier.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Alastair Flattely.



REAL "GHOST STORIES" FROM SCOTLAND—I: THE GREEN LADY OF CRATHES CASTLE.

There are many Green Ladies in the supernatural history of Scotland; and there is, too, the *Glaistig*, a figure of Gaelic superstition, a thin, grey woman in a green dress and with long yellow hair who haunts many glens in the West. Green is a luckless colour in Scots tradition; but of the many Green Ladies, the phantom of Crathes Castle is perhaps the best authenticated. Crathes has many rooms with painted ceilings, among the best in Scotland; one shows the nine heroes of mediæval legend, another the Muses and Virtues; and one, decorated with fanciful figures and inscribed with proverbs and wise sayings, is the Green Lady's room. Here many friends of the family and servants

are said to have seen a young woman dressed in green enter the room, go to the fire-place and reach through the hearthstone to pick up a baby, whom she takes in her arms and weeps over. And it had been believed that this was the spectre of a young woman, many years ago, who, together with her child, had been done to death in this room. This might have been the end of a not unusual romantic tale—a comfortable traditional sort of ghost story—until a chill draught of reality blew in Victorian days, when the bones of a young woman and an infant were found under the hearth.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Alastair Flattely.



REAL "GHOST STORIES" FROM SCOTLAND—II : BAREFOOT JOCK OF FINHAVEN WOODS.

"When Finhaven Castle rins to sand, The World's end is ■■■ at hand." The crumbling ruins of Finhaven Castle, which seem eager to test the truth of Thomas the Rhymer's prophecy, stand in deep woods. And through these woods there runs sometimes a barefoot boy who plays strange antics, directs travellers—on the right way—and vanishes in ■ blaze of fire. This is Barefoot Jock, ■■■ of the many victims of the Tiger Earl, "Earl Beardie," Alexander 4th Earl of Crawford, a savage character who said of the Battle of Brechin, in which he fought against the king, and lost, that had he gained the day "He wud be content to hing seven years in Hell by the breers of the e'e"

(eyelashes). Among his darker deeds ■■■ the execution of ■ minstrel who had prophesied this very defeat at Brechin. Growing in the castle courtyard at this time, and overlooked by the spiked head of the decapitated minstrel, was a chestnut-tree of which the Earl was inordinately proud. A boy who had brought a message from a neighbouring castle ■■■ seen to cut ■ stick from the tree ■ he was leaving. Straightway the boy was brought back and summarily hanged from the branches; and it is his ghost who runs through the woods, and—"Earl Beardie ne'er will dee—Nor puir Jock Barefoot be set free—As lang 's there grows a chestnut-tree."

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Alastair Flattely.



REAL "GHOST STORIES" FROM SCOTLAND—III : THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN OF THE MACLAINES.

Moy Castle, of which only a single tower remains, stands in magnificent scenery at the head of Lochbuie, in the Isle of Mull. Most dates from about 1600, but parts are 500 years old or more. When the last MacLaine to be laird of Lochbuie lay dying, the sound of hoof-beats was heard in the night; and in broad daylight children saw an apparition and asked their nurse, "Who was the funny mon with no heid riding a horse?" This headless horseman, Headless Ewan, Ewan of the Little Head, Eoghan a Chinn Bhig, rides, it is said, the road beside the loch between Moy Castle and the MacLaine mausoleum at Laggan, whenever a member of the MacLaine family is near to death.

Ewan was the son of a chief of Lochbuie and quarrelled so violently with his father that armed conflict was inevitable. On the eve of battle, however, Ewan met a Fairy Woman who said to him: "You have a bad wife but if she gives you both butter and cheese with her own hand on the morrow, and without your asking, then you will not fall in the battle which will be fought beside Loch Scoban." On the following day his wife brought Ewan neither butter nor cheese, and he was slain in combat with his father's forces and his head was struck off with a claymore; and in atonement for his crimes he rides his headless ride throughout eternity to give warning of death to the members of his clan.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Alastair Flattely.



REAL "GHOST STORIES" FROM SCOTLAND—IV : THE PHANTOM NUN OF AUCHANACHIE.

Some ghost stories are such obviously good stories that their credibility is suspect, they seem "man-made"; others are so tenuous, so inconclusive that they gain credibility thereby, on the argument that no one would be bothered to make them up. Auchanachie, an old house in Aberdeenshire, has a fine spiral staircase and several vaulted rooms, one of which, a small room with three carved stone pendentives, is called the "Nunnery." There is a tradition that this room and this staircase are haunted by mysterious footfalls; and that the ghost is a woman dressed as a nun. Traditionally, too, this woman is Elizabeth Gordon, who was born in 1733 but whose death (some time after

1801) is unrecorded. At a very early age she was placed by her father in a French convent; and soon afterwards the father died. The knowledge of Elizabeth's existence was concealed by an unscrupulous relative, who entered into the inheritance. After many years a man on the run for killing another in a drunken brawl heard her story and, in spite perhaps, or to gain favour, told of her continued existence, in misery and poverty, after many years in the convent. As a result and after a lawsuit in 1783, Elizabeth Gordon came into her rights, and returned to Auchanachie until 1801, when she left and "was never heard of or seen again"—at all events in the flesh.

Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Alastair Flattely.



A SYMPHONY OF GOOD THINGS: "STILL-LIFE IN THE GRAND MANNER,"

BY ABRAHAM VAN BEYEREN (1620/21-90).

Throughout the seventeenth century many Dutch artists found their inspiration in the everyday things around them, and their work provides a magnificent record of life and customs in those days. A still-life painting such as this shows some of the many good things which must have filled the rich man's table—and which the not-so-rich man must have yearned for. In this large canvas (which measures 50 by 40 ins.) Abraham van Beyeren proves his supreme skill as a painter as well as his finer feelings for *luxe, calme et volupté*.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Eugene Slatter Gallery.



WATCHED BY THE FAMILY AND SURROUNDED BY OLD MASTERS: TWO LITTLE GIRLS SHOWING THEIR STEPS IN "THE GROSVENOR FAMILY," PAINTED BY C. R. LESLIE, R.A., IN 1832.



"NO FURNITURE SO CHARMING AS BOOKS" (SYDNEY SMITH): THE THIRD LORD HOLLAND SEEN IN THE FAMOUS LIBRARY AT HOLLAND HOUSE IN A PAINTING BY C. R. LESLIE OF 1838.

IN TWO STately LONDON HOMES: GROSVENOR HOUSE AND HOLLAND HOUSE IN THE 1830'S.

The Grosvenor House and the Holland House seen here are both no longer, but in C. R. Leslie's paintings we can catch a glimpse of life in these two great houses over a century ago. Several generations of the Grosvenor family are assembled in the stately salon of Grosvenor House, and seem very much at their ease there. Sydney Smith was

one of the distinguished figures in the "Holland House Set" who spent many hours in the Library at Holland House, where the third Lord Holland was their amiable host. Here Lord Holland and his wife are seen in that library. Between them is another member of the "set," Dr. John Allen, and their librarian is on the right.

"The Grosvenor Family" is reproduced by courtesy of the Duchess of Westminster; and "Holland House Library" by that of Earl Grey. Both were in the 1956-57 R.A. Winter Exhibition.



"MR. AND MRS. THOMAS COLTMAN"; PAINTED FOR THE SITTERS, SOON AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE IN 1769, BY JOSEPH WRIGHT (OF DERBY).
(Reproduced by courtesy of Charles Rogers-Coltman, Esq.)



"A GROUP OF THREE MEN"—ONE OF WHOM MAY BE THE ARTIST HIMSELF; PAINTED BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH IN THE 1750'S.
(Reproduced by courtesy of Lieut.-Colonel M. E. St. J. Barne.)



"LORD JOHN CAMPBELL (LATER 7TH DUKE OF ARGYLL)"; ONE OF FOUR COMPANION PICTURES PAINTED BY JOHN OPIE IN ABOUT 1784.
(Reproduced by courtesy of the Duke of Argyll.)



"GEORGE WILLIAM, MARQUESS OF LORNE (LATER 6TH DUKE OF ARGYLL)"; ANOTHER OF THE OPIE PORTRAITS OF THE 5TH DUKE OF ARGYLL'S CHILDREN.
(Reproduced by courtesy of the Duke of Argyll.)

ELEGANCE, COLOUR AND COMFORT—FINE CLOTHES IN THE SECOND HALF OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

One of the modern portrait painter's constant complaints is that his sitters—especially the men—wear such very drab clothes. This was something that the great school of portrait painters working in this country in the eighteenth century did not have to worry about. As is shown in the two upper paintings, the men of the second half of the eighteenth century liked rich and colourful materials and styles.

The two young sons of the Duke of Argyll, painted a few years after the Marquess of Lorne, are wearing more severe suits, but these are offset by their delicate features and the rich red material—makes her a worthy representative of the ladies of these years. All four paintings were in the 1956-57 R. A. Winter Exhibition.



REVELLERS ON THE ICE IN SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY HOLLAND: "THE SKATING PARTY," BY ADRIAEN VAN DE VENNE (1589-1662).



IN A MAGIC PANOPLY OF FROST AND SNOW: "WINTER IN THE VALLEY," BY JOOS DE MOMPER THE YOUNGER (1564-1635).

MAKING THE MOST OF WINTER'S FROST AND COLD: SPORT ON THE ICE IN THE LOWLANDS THREE CENTURIES AGO.

"All shod with steel we hissed along the polished ice, in games confederate." These words, from William Wordsworth's "The Prelude," give a vivid impression of the pleasures of skating—an impression which is supported by these two paintings. Severe winters combined with innumerable stretches of water have long made the Low Countries an ideal centre for the keen skater, and the great popularity of the sport in these parts has been reflected in the work of Dutch

and Flemish artists. Adriaen van de Venne was a witty painter of festive and historical occasions, and in "The Skating Party" he shows how gaily the Dutch enjoyed themselves on the ice. In Joos de Momper's "Winter in the Valley" several men are seen skating and playing golf on the frozen river flowing through the village. This extraordinary landscape clearly shows the influence of the artist's prolonged travels in Italy and Switzerland.

The "Skating Party" is reproduced by courtesy of the Eugene Slater Gallery; and "Winter in the Valley" (which was shown in the Slater Gallery's 1956 Exhibition) by that of Mr. and Mrs. J. Randall Williams, New York.



"Mr. Quilter rose to his feet . . . 'I'm awfully sorry,' the young man blurted."

MYSTERY FOR CHRISTMAS

By ANTHONY BOUCHER

Illustrated by GORDON NICOLL, R.I.

THAT was why the Benson jewel robbery was solved—because Aram Melekian was too much for Mr. Quilter's temper.

His almost invisible eyebrows soared, and the scalp of his close-cropped head twitched angrily. "Damme!" said Mr. Quilter, and in that mild and archaic oath there was more compressed fury than in paragraphs of uncensored profanity. "So you, sir, are the untrammelled creative artist, and I am a drudging, hampering hack!"

Aram Melekian tilted his hat a trifle more jauntily. "That's the size of it, brother. And if you hamper this untrammelled opus any more, Metropolis Pictures is going to be suing its youngest genius for breach of contract."

Mr. Quilter rose to his full, lean height. "I've seen them come and go," he announced; "and there hasn't been a one of them, sir, who failed to learn something from me. What is so creative about pouring out the full vigour of your young life? The creative task is mine, moulding that vigour, shaping it to some end."

"Go play with your blue pencil," Melekian suggested. "I've got a dream coming on."

"Because I have never produced anything myself, you young men jeer at me. You never see that your successful screen plays are more my effort than your inspiration." Mr. Quilter's thin frame was a-quiver.

"Then what do you need us for?"

"What— Damme, sir, what indeed? Ha!" said Mr. Quilter loudly. "I'll show you. I'll pick the first man off the street that has life and a story in him. What more do you contribute? And through me he'll turn out a job that will sell. If I do this, sir, then will you consent to the revisions I've asked of you?"

"Go lay an egg," said Aram Melekian. "And I've no doubt you will."

Mr. Quilter stalked out of the studio with high dreams. He saw the horny-handed son of toil out of whom he had coaxed a masterpiece signing a contract with F.X. He saw a discomfited Armenian genius in the background busily devouring his own words. He saw himself freed of his own sense of frustration, proving at last that his was the significant part of writing.

He felt a bumping shock and the squealing of brakes. The next thing he saw was the asphalt paving.

Mr. Quilter rose to his feet undecided whether to curse the driver for knocking him down or bless him for stopping so miraculously short of danger. The young man in the brown suit was so disarmingly concerned that the latter choice was inevitable.

"I'm awfully sorry," the young man blurted. "Are you hurt? It's this bad wing of mine, I guess." His left arm was in a sling.

"Nothing at all, sir. My fault, I was preoccupied . . ."

They stood awkwardly for a moment, each striving for a phrase that was not mere politeness. Then they both spoke at once.

"You came out of that studio," the young man said. "Do you"—(his tone was awed)—"do you *work* there?"

And Mr. Quilter had spotted a sheaf of eight and a half by eleven paper protruding from the young man's pocket. "Are you a writer, sir? Is that a manuscript?"

The young man shuffled and came near blushing. "Naw. I'm not a writer. I'm a policeman. But I'm going to be a writer. This is a story I was trying to tell about what happened to me— But are you a writer? In *there*?"

Mr. Quilter's eyes were aglow under their invisible brows. "I, sir," he announced proudly, "am what makes writers tick. Are you interested?"

He was also, he might have added, what makes *detectives* tick. But he did not know that yet.

The Christmas trees were lighting up in front yards and in windows as Officer Tom Smith turned his rickety Model A on to the side street where Mr. Quilter lived. Hollywood is full of these quiet streets, where ordinary people live and move and have their being, and are happy or unhappy as chance wills, but both in a normal and unspectacular way. This is really Hollywood—the Hollywood that patronises the twenty-cent fourth-run houses and crowds the stores on the Boulevard on Dollar Day.

To Mr. Quilter, saturated at the studio with the other Hollywood, this was always a relief. Kids were playing ball in the evening sun, radios were tuning in to Amos 'n' Andy, and from the small houses came, either the smell of cooking or the clatter of dish-washing.

And the Christmas trees, he knew, had been decorated not for the benefit of the photographers from the fan magazines, but because the children liked them, and they looked warm and friendly from the street.

"Gosh, Mr. Quilter," Tom Smith was saying, "this is sure a swell break for me. You know, I'm a good copper. But to be honest, I don't know as I'm very bright. And that's why I want to write, because maybe that way I can train myself to be, and then I won't be a plain patrolman all my life. And besides, this writing, it kind of itches like, inside you."

"*Cacoethes scribendi*," observed Mr. Quilter, not unkindly. "You see, sir, you have hit, in your fumbling way, on one of the classic expressions of your condition."

"Now that's what I mean. You know what I mean even when I don't say it. Between us, Mr. Quilter . . ."

Mr. Quilter, his long, thin legs out-distancing even the policeman, led the way into his bungalow and on down the hall to a room which the first glance contained nothing but thousands of books. Mr. Quilter sat at them. "Here, sir, is assembled every helpful fact that most men know. But I cannot breathe life into these dry bones. Books are the

written from books. But I can provide bones, and correctly articulated, for the life which you, sir— But here is a chair. And a reading-lamp. Now, sir, let me hear your story."

Tom Smith shifted uncomfortably on the chair. "The trouble is," he confessed, "it hasn't got an ending."

Mr. Quilter beamed. "When I have heard it, I shall demonstrate to you, sir, the one ending it inevitably must have."

"I sure hope you will, because it's got to have, and I promised her it would and— You know Beverly Benson?"

"Why, yes. I entered the industry at the beginning of talkies. She was still somewhat in evidence. But why...?"

"I was only a kid when she made 'Sable Sin' and 'Orchids at Breakfast,' and all the rest, and I thought she was something pretty marvellous. There was a girl in our high school was supposed to look like her, and I used to think, 'Gee, if I could ever see the real Beverly Benson!' And last night I did."

"H'm. And this story, sir, is the result?"

"Yeah. And this, too." He smiled wryly and indicated his wounded arm. "But I better read you the story." He cleared his throat loudly. "The Red and Green Mystery," he declaimed. "By Arden van Arden."

"A pseudonym, sir?"

"Well, I sort of thought... Tom Smith—that doesn't sound like a writer."

"Arden van Arden, sir, doesn't sound like anything. But go on."

And Officer Tom Smith began his narrative:

THE RED AND GREEN MYSTERY. BY ARDEN VAN ARDEN.

It was a screwy party for the police to bust in on. Not that it was a raid or anything like that. God knows I've run into some bug-house parties that way, but I'm assigned to the jewellery squad now under Lieutenant Michaels, and when this call came in he took three other guys and me and we shot out to the big house in Laurel Canyon.

I wasn't paying much attention to where we were going and I wouldn't have known the place anyway, but I knew *her* all right. She was standing in the doorway waiting for us. For just a minute it stumped me who she was, but then I knew. It was the eyes mostly. She'd changed a lot since "Sable Sin," but you still couldn't miss the Beverly Benson eyes. The rest of her had got older (not older exactly either—you might maybe say richer), but the eyes were still the same. She had red hair. They didn't have Technicolor when she was in pictures and I hadn't ever known what colour her hair was. It struck me funny seeing her like that—the way I'd been nuts about her when I was a kid, and not even knowing what colour her hair was.

She had on a funny dress—a little-girl kind of thing with a short skirt with flounces, I guess you call them. It looked familiar, but I couldn't make it. Not until I saw the mask that was lying in the hall, and then I knew. She was dressed like Minnie Mouse. It turned out later they all were—not like Minnie Mouse, but like all the characters in the cartoons. It was that kind of party—a Disney Christmas party. There were studio drawings all over the walls, and there were little figures of extinct animals and winged ponies holding the lights on the Christmas tree.

She came right to the point. I could see Michaels liked that; some of these women throw a big act and it's an hour before you know what's been stolen. "It's my emeralds and rubies," she said. "They're gone. There are some other pieces missing, too, but I don't so much care about them. The emeralds and the rubies are the important thing. You've got to find them."

"Necklaces?" Michaels asked.

"A necklace."

"Of emeralds and rubies?" Michaels knows his jewellery. His old man is in the business and tried to bring him up in it, but he joined the force. He knows a thing or two just the same, and his left eyebrow does tricks when he hears or sees something that isn't kosher. It was doing tricks now.

"I know that may sound strange, Lieutenant, but this is no time for discussing the aesthetics of jewellery. It struck me once that it would be exciting to have red and green in one necklace, and I had it made. They're perfectly cut and matched, and it could never be duplicated."

Michaels didn't look happy. "You could drape it on a Christmas tree," he said. But Beverly Benson's Christmas tree was a cold white with the little animals holding blue lights.

Those Benson eyes were generally lovely and melting. Now they flashed. "Lieutenant, I summoned you to find my jewellery, not to criticise my taste. If I wanted a cultural opinion, I should hardly consult the police."

"You could do worse," Michaels said. "Now tell us all about it."

She took us into the library. The other men Michaels sent off to guard the exits, even if there wasn't much chance of the thief still sticking around. The Lieutenant told me once, when we were off duty, "Tom," he said, "you're the most useful man in my detail. Some of the others can think, and some of them can act; but there's not a damned one of them can just stand there and look so much like the Law." He's a little guy himself and kind of on the smooth and dapper side; so he keeps me with him to back him up, just standing there.

There wasn't much to what she told us. Just that she was giving this Disney Christmas party, like I said, and it was going along fine. Then late in the evening, when almost everybody had gone home, they got to talking about jewellery. She didn't know who started the talk that way, but there they were. And she told them about the emeralds and rubies.

"Then Fig—Philip Newton, you know—the photographer who does all those marvellous sand dunes and magnolia blossoms and things—"

(Her voice went all sort of tender when she mentioned him, and

I could see Michaels taking it all in.) "Fig said he didn't believe it. He felt the same way you do,

Lieutenant, and I'm sure I can't see why. 'It's unworthy of you, darling,' he said. So I

laughed and tried to tell him they were really beautiful—for they are, you

know—and when he went on scoffing I said, 'All right, then, I'll show

you.' So I went into the little dressing-room where I keep my

jewel-box, and they weren't there. And that's all I

know."

Then Michaels settled down to questions. When had she last seen the

necklace? Was the lock forced? Had there been any prowlers around?

What else was missing? And such like.

Beverly Benson answered impatiently, like she expected us to just

go out there like that and grab the thief and say, "Here you are, lady."

She had shown the necklace to another guest early in the party—he'd gone home long

ago, but she gave us the name and address to check. No, the

lock hadn't been forced. They hadn't seen anything suspicious,

either. There were some small things missing, too—a couple of diamond rings, a

star sapphire pendant, a pair of pearl earrings—but those didn't worry her so much. It

was the emerald and ruby necklace that she wanted.

That left eyebrow went to work while Michaels thought about what she'd said. "If

the lock wasn't forced, that lets out a chance prowler. It was somebody who knew you,

who'd had a chance to lift your key or take an impression of it.

Where'd you keep it?"

"The key? In my handbag usually. To-night it was in the box on my dressing-table."

Michaels sort of groaned. "And women wonder why jewels get

stolen! Smith, get Ferguson and have him go over the box for prints. In the meantime, Miss Benson, give me a list of all your guests to-night.

We'll take up the servants later. I'm warning you now it's a ten-to-one chance you'll ever see your Christmas-tree ornament again unless a

fence sings; but we'll do what we can. Then I'll deliver my famous little lecture on safes, and we'll pray for the future."

When I'd seen Ferguson, I waited for Michaels in the room where the guests were. There were only five left, and I didn't know who they

were yet. They'd all taken off their masks; but they still had on their cartoon costumes. It felt screwy to sit there among them and think:

This is serious, this is a felony, and look at those bright, funny costumes.

Donald Duck was sitting by himself, with one hand resting on his long-billed mask while the other made steady grabs for the cigarette-

box beside him. His face looked familiar; I thought maybe I'd seen him in bits.

Three of them sat in a group: Mickey Mouse, Snow White and Dopey. Snow White looked about fourteen at first, and it took you a while to

realise she was a woman, and a swell one at that. She was a little brunette, slender and cool-looking—a simple, real kind of person that

didn't seem to belong in a Hollywood crowd. Mickey Mouse was a hefty blond guy about as tall as I am and built like a tackle that could hold any

line; but his face didn't go with his body. It was shrewd-like, and what they call sensitive. Dopey looked just that—a nice guy and not too bright.



"Then I knew... She'd changed a lot since 'Sable Sin,' but you still couldn't miss the Beverly Benson eyes."

There over in another corner was a Little Pig. I don't know if they have names, but this was the one that wears a sailor suit and plays the fiddle. He had bushy hair sticking out from under the sailor cap and long, skilful-looking hands stretched in front of him. The fiddle was beside him, but he didn't touch it. He was passed out—dead to the world, close as I could judge.

He and Donald were silent, but the group of three talked a little.

"I guess it didn't work," Dopey said.

"You couldn't help that, Harvey." Snow White's voice was just like I expected—not like Snow White's in the picture, but deep and smooth, like a stream that's running in the shade with moss on its banks. "Even an agent can't cast people."

"You're a swell guy, Madison," Mickey Mouse said. "You tried, and thanks. But if it's no go, hell, it's just no go. It's up to her."

"Miss Benson is surely more valuable to your career." The running stream was ice-cold.

Now maybe I haven't got anything else that'd make me a good detective, but I do have curiosity, and here's where I saw a way to satisfy it. I spoke to all of them and I said, "I'd better take down some information while we're waiting for the Lieutenant." I started on Donald Duck. "Name?"

"Daniel Wappingham." The voice was English. I could tell that much. I don't have such a good ear for stuff like that, but I thought maybe it wasn't the best English.

"Occupation?"

"Of course. So were the other things, and for them I don't mind. But this necklace I couldn't conceivably duplicate, Lieutenant."

Just then Michaels' eye lit on Donald Duck, and the eyebrow did tricks worth putting in a cartoon. "We'll take you one by one," he said. "You with the tail-feathers, we'll start with you. Come along, Smith."

Donald Duck grabbed a fresh cigarette, thought a minute, then reached out again for a handful. He whistled off key and followed us into the library.

"I gave all the material to your stooge here, Lieutenant," he began. "Name, Wappingham. Occupation, actor. Address—"

Michaels was getting so polite it had me bothered. "You won't mind, sir," he purred, "if I suggest a few corrections in your statement?"

Donald looked worried. "Don't you think I know my own name?"

"Possibly. But would you mind if I altered the statement to read: Name, Alfred Higgins. Occupation, jewel thief—conceivably reformed?"

The Duck wasn't so bad hit as you might have thought. He let out a pretty fair laugh and said, "So the fat 's in the fire at last. But I'm glad you concede the possibility of my having reformed."

"The possibility, yes." Michaels underlined the word. "You admit you're Higgins?"

"Why not? You can't blame me for not telling you right off: it wouldn't look good when somebody has just been up to my old tricks. But now that you know— And by the way, Lieutenant, just how do you know?"



"Donald Duck was sitting by himself, with one hand resting on his long-billed mask. . . . Three of them sat in a group: Mickey Mouse, Snow White and Dopey."

"Actor."

And I took down the address and the rest of it. Then I turned to the drunk and shook him. He woke up part-way but he didn't hear what I was saying. He just threw his head back and said loudly, "Waltzes! Ha!" and went under again. His voice was guttural—some kind of German, I guessed. I let it go at that and went over to the three.

Dopey's name was Harvey Madison; occupation, actors' representative—ten-per-center to you. Mickey Mouse was Philip Newton; occupation, photographer. (That was the guy Beverly Benson mentioned, the one she sounded that-way about.) And Snow White was Jane Newton.

"Any relation?" I asked.

"Yes and no," she said, so soft I could hardly hear her.

"Mrs. Newton," Mickey Mouse stated, "was once my wife." And the silence was so strong you could taste it.

I got it then. The two of them sitting there, remembering all the little things of their life together, being close to each other and yet somehow held apart. And at Christmas, too, when you remember things. There was still something between them, even if they didn't admit it themselves. But Beverly Benson seemed to have a piece of the man, and where did Dopey fit in?

It sort of worried me. They looked like swell people—people that belonged together. But it was my job to worry about the necklace and not about people's troubles. I was glad Michaels came in just then.

He was being polite at the moment, explaining to Beverly Benson how Ferguson hadn't got anywhere with the prints and how the jewels were probably miles away by now. "But we'll do what we can," he said. "We'll talk to these people and find out what's possible. I doubt, however, if you'll ever see that necklace again. It was insured, of course, Miss Benson?"

"Some bright boy at Scotland Yard spotted you in an American picture. Sent your description and record out to us just in case you ever took up your career again."

"Considerate of him, wasn't it?"

But Michaels wasn't in the mood for bright chatter any longer. We got down to work. We stripped that duck costume off the actor and left him shivering while we went over it inch by inch. He didn't like it much. At last Michaels let him get dressed again. "You came in your car?"

"Yes."

"You're going home in a taxi. We could hold you on suspicion, but I'd sooner play it this way."

"Now I understand," Donald said, "what they mean by the high-handed American police procedure." And he went back into the other room with us.

All the same, that was a smart move of Michaels'. It meant that Wappingham-Higgins-Duck would either have to give up all hope of the jewels (he certainly didn't have them on him) or lead us straight to them, because, of course, I knew a tail would follow that taxi and camp on his doorstep all next week if need be.

Donald Duck said good night to his hostess and nodded to the other guests. Then he picked up his mask.

"Just a minute," Michaels said. "Let's have a look at that."

"At this?" he asked innocent-like, and backed toward the french window. Then he was standing there with an automatic in his hand. It was little but damned nasty-looking. I never thought what a good holster that long bill would make.

"Stay where you are, gentlemen," he said calmly. "I'm leaving undisturbed, if you don't mind."

The room was frozen still. Beverly Benson and Snow White let out little gasps of terror. The drunk was still dead to the world. The other two men looked at us and did nothing. It was Donald's round.

Or would've been if I hadn't played football in high school. It was a crazy chance, but I took it. I was the closest to him, only his eyes were on Michaels'. It was a good flying tackle and it brought him to the ground in a heap consisting mostly of me. The mask smashed as we rolled over on it and I saw bright glitters pouring out.

Ferguson and O'Hara were there by now. One of them picked up his gun and the other snapped on the handcuffs. I got to my feet and turned to Michaels and Beverly Benson. They began to say things both at once about what a swell thing I'd done and then I keeled over.

When I came to I was on a couch in a little dark room. I learned later it was the dressing-room where the necklace had been stolen. Somebody was bathing my arm and sobbing.

I sort of half sat up and said, "Where am I?" I always thought it was just in stories people said that, but it was the first thing popped into my mind.

"You're all right," a cool voice told me.

"It's only a flesh wound."

"And I didn't feel a thing. . . . You mean he winged me?"

"I guess that's what you call it. When I told the Lieutenant I was a nurse he said I could fix you up and they wouldn't need the ambulance. You're all right now." Her voice was shaky in the dark, but I knew it was Snow White.

"Well, anyway, that broke the case pretty quick."

"But it didn't." And she explained: Donald had been up to his old tricks, all right; but what he had hidden in his bill were the diamonds and the sapphire and the pearl ear-rings, only no emerald and ruby necklace. Beverly Benson was wild, and Michaels and our men were combing the house from top to bottom to see where he'd stashed it.

"There," she said. She finished the story and the bandaging at the same time. "Can you stand up all right now?"

I was still kind of punchy. Nothing else could excuse me for what I said next. But she was so sweet and tender and good I wanted to say something nice, so, like a dumb jerk, I up and said, "You'd make some man a grand wife."

That was what got her. She just went to pieces—dissolved, you might say. I'm not used to tears on the shoulder of my uniform, but what could I do? I didn't try to say anything—just patted her back and let her talk. And I learned all about it.

How she'd married Philip Newton back in '29 when he was a promising young architect and she was an heiress just out of finishing school. How the fortune she was heiress to went foey like all the others and her father took the quick way out. How the architect business went all to hell with no building going on, and just when things were worst she had a baby. And then how Philip started drinking, and finally—Well, anyway, there it was.

They'd both pulled themselves together now. She was making enough as a nurse to keep the kid (she was too proud to take alimony) and Philip was doing fine in this arty photographic line he'd taken up. A Newton photograph was The Thing to Have in the smart Hollywood set. But they couldn't come together again, now while he was such a success. If she went to him, he'd think she was begging; if he came to her, she'd think he was being noble. And Beverly Benson had set her cap for him.

Then this agent Harvey Madison (that's Dopey), who had known them both, decided to try and fix things. He brought Snow White to this

party; neither of them knew the other would be there. And it was a party and it was Christmas, and some of their happiest memories were Christmasses together. I guess that's pretty much true of everybody. So she felt everything all over again, only—

"You don't know what it's done for me to tell you this. Please don't feel hurt; but in that uniform and everything you don't seem quite like a person. I can talk and feel free. And this has been hurting me all night and I had to say it."

I wanted to take the two of them and knock their heads together; only first off I had to find that emerald and ruby necklace. It isn't my job to heal broken hearts. I was feeling O.K. now, so we went back to the others.

Only they weren't there. There wasn't anybody in the room but only the drunk. I guessed where Mickey and Dopey were: stripped and being searched.

"Who's that?" I asked Snow White.

She looked at the Little Fig. "Poor fellow. He's been going through torture to-night, too. That's Bela Strauss."

"Bella's a woman's name."

"He's part Hungarian." (I guess that might explain anything). "He comes from Vienna. They brought him out here to write music for pictures because his name is Strauss. But he's a very serious composer—you know, like . . ." and she said some tongue-twisters that didn't mean anything to me. "They think because his name is Strauss he can write all sorts of pretty dance tunes, and they won't let him write anything else. It's made him all twisted and unhappy, and he drinks too much."

"I can see that." I walked over and shook him. The sailor cap fell off. He stirred and looked

up at me. I think it was the uniform that got him. He sat up sharp and said something in, I guess, German. Then he thought around a while and found some words in English.

"Why are you here? Why the po-lice?" It came out in little one-syllable lumps, like he had to hunt hard for each sound.

I told him. I tried to make it simple, but that wasn't easy. Snow White knew a little German, so she helped.

"Ach!" he sighed. "And I through it all slept!"

"That's one word for it," I said.

"But this thief of jewels—him I have seen."

It was a sweet job to get it out of him, but it boiled down to this: Where he passed out was on that same couch where they took me—right in the dressing-room. He came to once when he heard somebody in



"He was standing there with an automatic in his hand. . . . I never thought what a good holster that long bill would make."

there, and he saw the person take something out of a box. Something red and green.

"Who was it?"

"The face, you understand, I do not see it. But the costume, yes. I see that clear. It was Mikki Maus." It sounded funny to hear something as American as Mickey Mouse in an accent like that.

It took Snow White a couple of seconds to realise who wore the Mickey Mouse outfit. Then she said, "Philip," and fainted.

Officer Tom Smith laid down his manuscript. "That's all, Mr. Quilter."

"All, sir?"

"When Michaels came in, I told him. He figured Newton must've got away with the necklace and then the English crook made his try later and got the other stuff. They didn't find the necklace anywheres; but he must've pulled a fast one and stashed it away some place. With direct evidence like that what can you do? They're holding him."

"And you chose, sir, not to end your story on that note of finality?"

"I couldn't, Mr. Quilter. I... I like that girl who was Snow White. I want to see the two of them together again, and I'd sooner he was innocent. And besides, when we were leaving, Beverly Benson caught me alone. She said, 'I can't talk to your Lieutenant. He is not sympathetic. But you...'" Tom Smith almost blushed. "So she went on about how certain she was that Newton was innocent and begged me to help her prove it. So I promised."

"H'm," said Mr. Quilter. "Your problem, sir, is simple. You have good human values there in your story. Now we must round them out properly. And the solution is simple. We have two women in love with the hero, one highly sympathetic and the other less so; for the spectacle of a *passée* actress pursuing a new celebrity is not a pleasant one. This one sympathetic woman, to please the audience, must redeem herself with a gesture of self-immolation to secure the hero's happiness with the heroine. Therefore, sir, let her confess to the robbery."

"Confess to the... But, Mr. Quilter, that makes a different story out of it. I'm trying to write as close as I can to what happened. And I promised—"

"Damme, sir, it's obvious. She did steal the necklace herself. She hasn't worked for years. She must need money. You mentioned insurance. The necklace was probably pawned long ago, and now she is trying to collect."

"But that won't work. It really was stolen. Somebody saw it earlier in the evening, and the search didn't locate it. And believe me, that squad knows how to search."

"Fiddle-faddle, sir." Mr. Quilter's close-cropped scalp was beginning to twitch. "What was seen must have been a paste imitation. She could dissolve that readily in acid and dispose of it down the plumbing. And Wappingham's presence makes her plot doubly sure; she knew him for what he was, and invited him as a scapegoat."

Tom Smith squirmed. "I'd almost think you were right, Mr. Quilter. Only Bela Strauss did see Newton take the necklace."

Mr. Quilter laughed. "If that is all that perturbs you..." He rose to his feet. "Come with me, sir. One of my neighbours is a Viennese writer now acting as a reader in German for Metropolis. He is also new in this country; his cultural background is identical with Strauss's.

Come. But first we must step down to the corner drugstore and purchase what I believe is termed a comic book."

Mr. Quilter, his eyes agleam, hardly apologised for their intrusion into the home of the Viennese writer. He simply pointed at a picture in the comic book and demanded, "Tell me, sir. What character is that?"

The bemused Viennese smiled. "Why, that is Mikki Maus."

Mr. Quilter's finger rested on a pert little drawing of Minnie.

Philip Newton sat in the cold gaol cell, but he was oblivious of the cold. He was holding his wife's hands through the bars and she was saying, "I could come to you now, dear, where I couldn't before. Then you might have thought it was just because you were successful, but now I can tell you how much I love you and need you—need you even when you're in disgrace..."

They were kissing through the bars when Michaels came with the good news. "She's admitted it, all right. It was just the way Smith reconstructed it. She'd destroyed the paste replica and was trying to use us to pull off an insurance frame. She cracked when we had Strauss point out a picture of what he called 'Mikki Maus.' So you're free again, Newton. How's that for a Christmas present?"

"I've got a better one, officer. We're getting married again."

"You wouldn't need a new wedding-ring, would you?"

Michaels asked with filial devotion. "Michaels, Fifth between Spring and Broadway—fine stock."

Mr. Quilter laid down the final draft of Tom Smith's story, complete now with ending, and fixed the officer with a reproachful gaze. "You omitted, sir, the explanation of why such a misunderstanding should arise."

Tom Smith shifted uncomfortably. "I'm afraid, Mr. Quilter, I couldn't remember all that straight."

"It is simple. The noun Maus in German is of feminine gender. Therefore a Mikki Maus is a female. The male, naturally, is ■ Mikki Mäuserich. I recall a delightful Viennese song of some seasons ago, which we once employed as background music, wherein the singer declares that he and his beloved will be forever

paired, 'wil die Mikki Mikki Mikki Mikki Maus und der Mikki Mäuserich.'"

"Gosh," said Tom Smith. "You know a lot of things."

Mr. Quilter allowed himself to beam. "Between us, sir, there should be little that we do not know."

"We sure make a swell team as a detective."

The beam faded. "As a detective? Damme, sir, do you think I cared about your robbery? I simply explained the inevitable *dénouement* to this story."

"But she didn't confess and make ■ gesture. Michaels had to prove it on her."

"All the better, sir. That makes her mysterious and deep. A *Bette Davis* rôle. I think we will first try for a magazine sale on this. Studios are more impressed by matter already in print. Then I shall show it to F.X., and we shall watch the squirmings of that genius ■ Melekian."

Tom Smith looked out of the window, frowning. They made a swell team, all right; but which way? He still itched to write, but the power of Michaels had promised him sounded good, too. Were he and Michaels a lean old man a team for writing or detection?

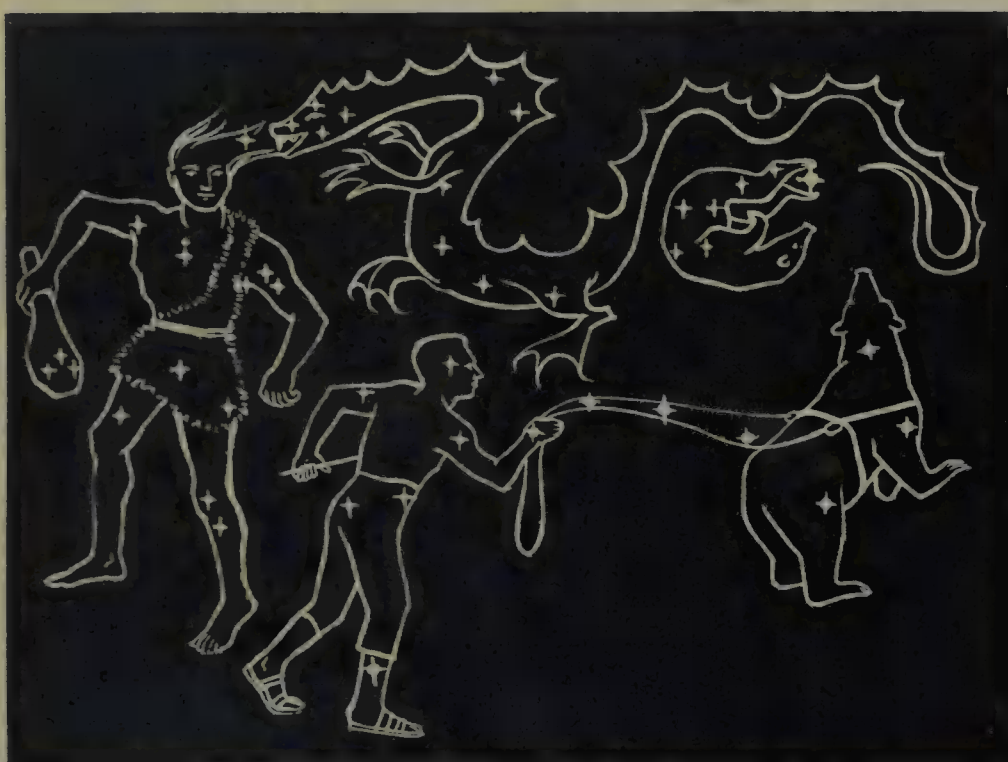
The friendly red and green lights of the neighbourhood Christmas trees seemed an equally good omen, either way.



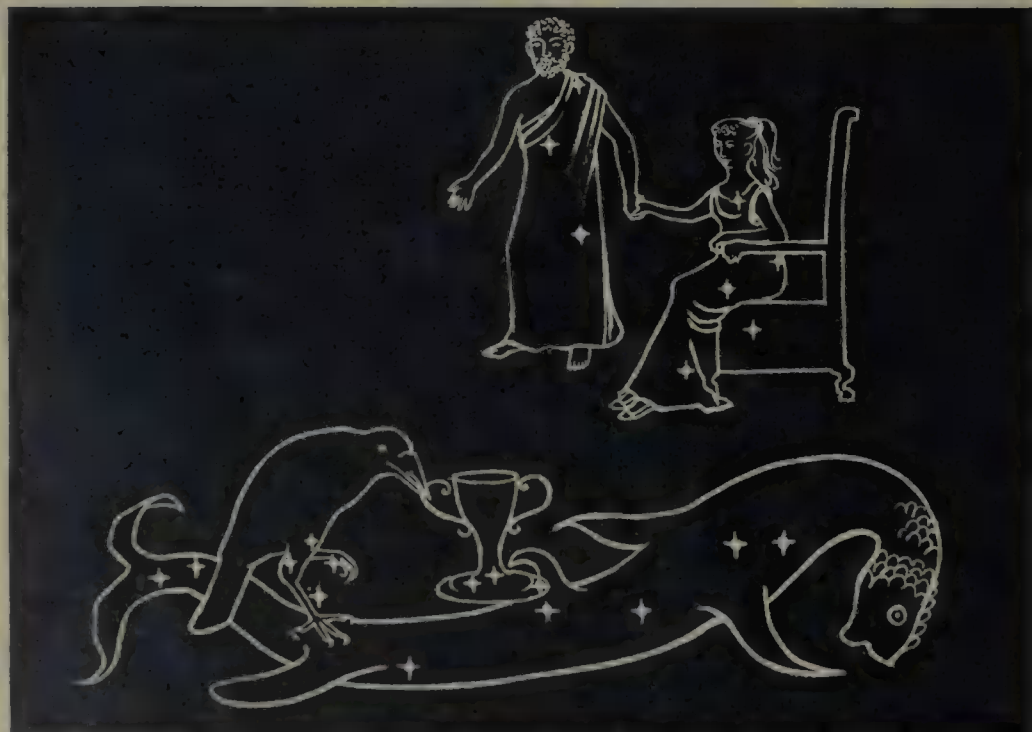
"She looked at the Little Pig. 'Poor fellow. He's been going through torture to-night, too. That's Bela Strauss.'"



SEE PERSEUS COME (TO SAVE ANDROMEDA)
WITH GREAT WINGED PEGASUS, THE GOLDEN-MANED,
AND SHE, SO NEBULOUS, FOR EVER CHAINED
WHERE MONSTER DARKLY LURKS TO SEIZE HIM HER.



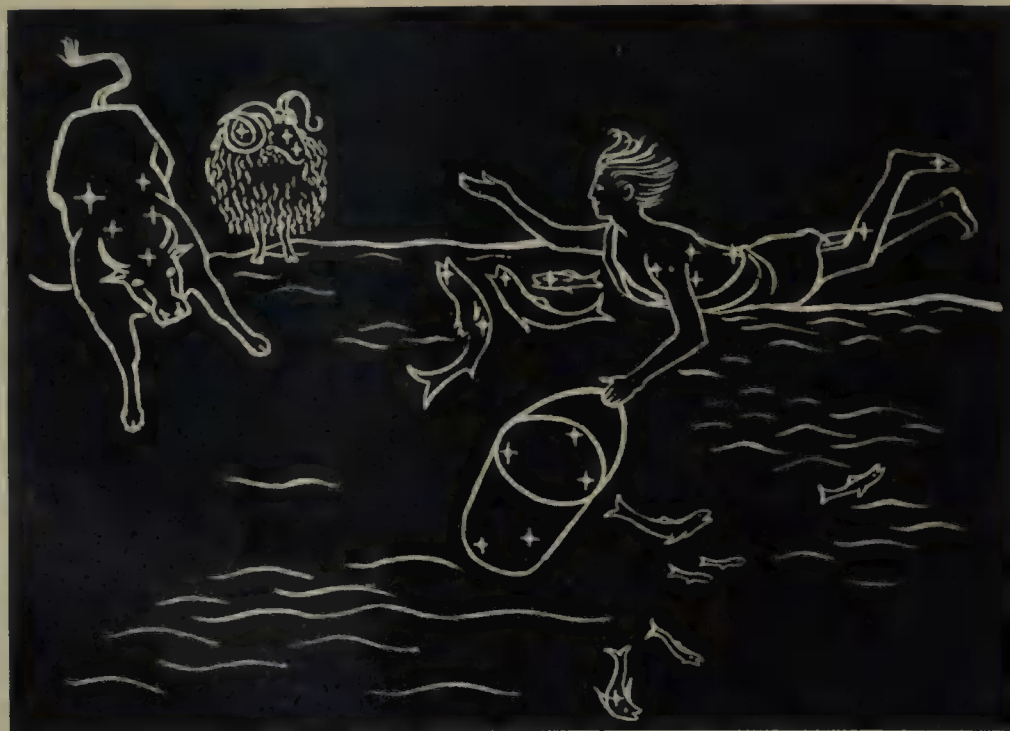
SEE TWIRLING ROUND THE POLE THE LITTLE BEAR.
BOÖTES DRIVES THE GREATER BEAR TO POINT THE NORTH
STAR OUT. ROUND THIS THE DRAGON CURLS IN WRATH,
TRYING TO BITE A LOCK OFF HERCULES' HAIR.



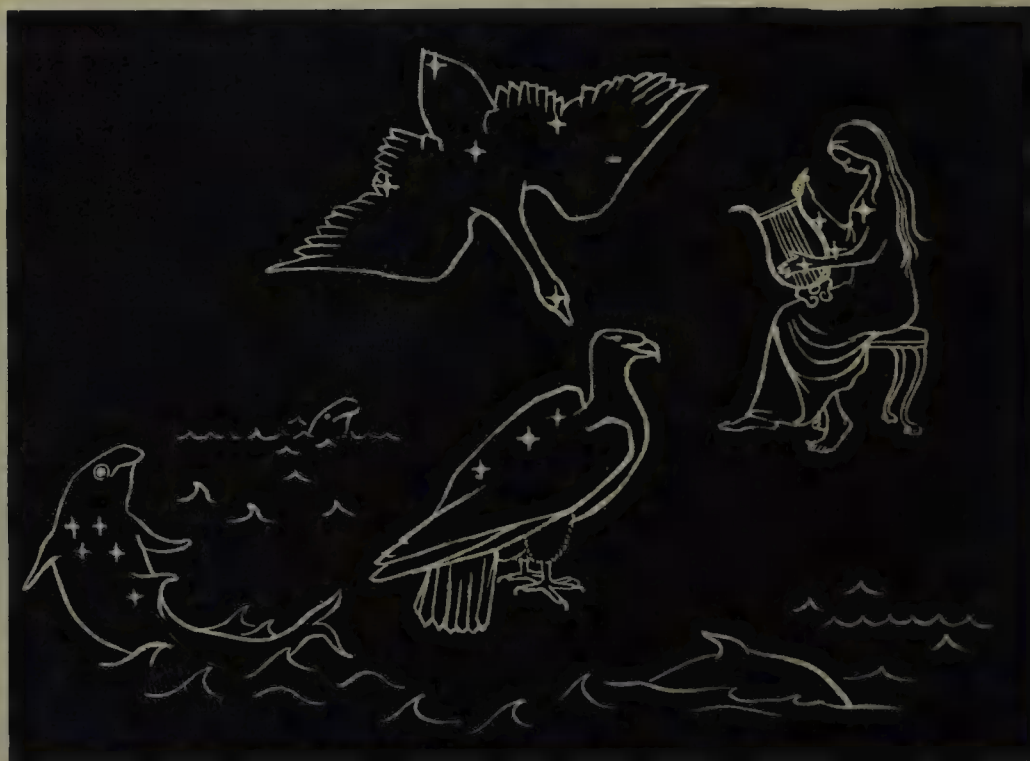
SEIZING THE CUP THAT HYDRA HOLDS—"I DRINK," CRIED CROW,
"TO CASSIOPEIA AND CEPHEUS!
ANDROMEDA IS SAFE—BRAVE PERSEUS
HAS FOUND THE MONSTER, CHASED IT DOWN BELOW
AND WITH THE GORGON'S HEAD HAS TURNED IT INTO STONE.
NO LONGER NEED THEY TREMBLE FOR THEIR THRONE."

Since the earliest times the star-groups known as constellations, as well as the smaller groups and individual stars, have received names referring to or symbolising religious or mythological beliefs and legends. It is not known who were the inventors of the constellations, and the view that their names, and myths, were of Greek origin has now been disproved. It is probable that the Greek constellation system and their related legends are primarily of Semitic or pre-Semitic origin. From the sixth century B.C. onwards, legends concerning the subjects of the constellations were frequently referred to by the historians and poets. Aratus of Cilicia, a minor Greek didactic

READING THE STARS: HEROES AND ASTROLOGERS PEOPLED THE



SEE FISHES BOW-WAVE, AS THEY SWIM FROM PAIL
DIPPED BY AQUARIUS IN HEAVENLY STREAMS
TO GET THE RAIN A DRINK. AND NOW IT SEEMS
THAT BULL COMES CHARGING DOWN, LASHING HIS TAIL.



BLUE VEGA PLAYS THE LYRE, ACCOMPANYING
THE SWAN'S LAST SONG AS HE FLIES OVERHEAD
TO CHALLENGE EAGLE. THEN HE SEES WITH DREAD
THE SEA, WHERE LEAPING DOLPHIN'S SHIVERING.



NEAR WHERE THE COAL-SACK'S LIKE A DARK, DARK PIT
(IN WHICH THE EMU HIDES), TO US HOPE THERE GLEAMS
THE SOUTHERN CROSS—LIGHTING THAT GOLDEN CLOUD OF DREAMS
WHICH GLOWS ALOFT, WHERE HEAVEN'S WALLS ARE SPLIT.

poet, who was born about 315 B.C., wrote of the nameless stars which, he said, in days long before, mortal had grouped "in such wise That standing in succession side by side They simulate living forms. Easily thus he named Heaven's host; and now no star rises unrecognised, Of those that are arranged in definite forms Conspicuous." In A.D. 137 the Alexandrian astronomer, Ptolemy, made his catalogue of the constellations which contains a list of forty-eight. The ancient constellations were given fanciful names,

ANIMALS WITH WHICH THE ANCIENT GHT SKIES—BROUGHT TO LIFE.



THE HEAVENLY TWINS, THE GREAT DOG, SIRIUS (BRIGHT EYE FLASHING), PROCYON AND ORION, ALL KEEP AT BAY THE FIERCELY-ROARING LION—SO HE CAN NEVER PASS TO WORRY US.

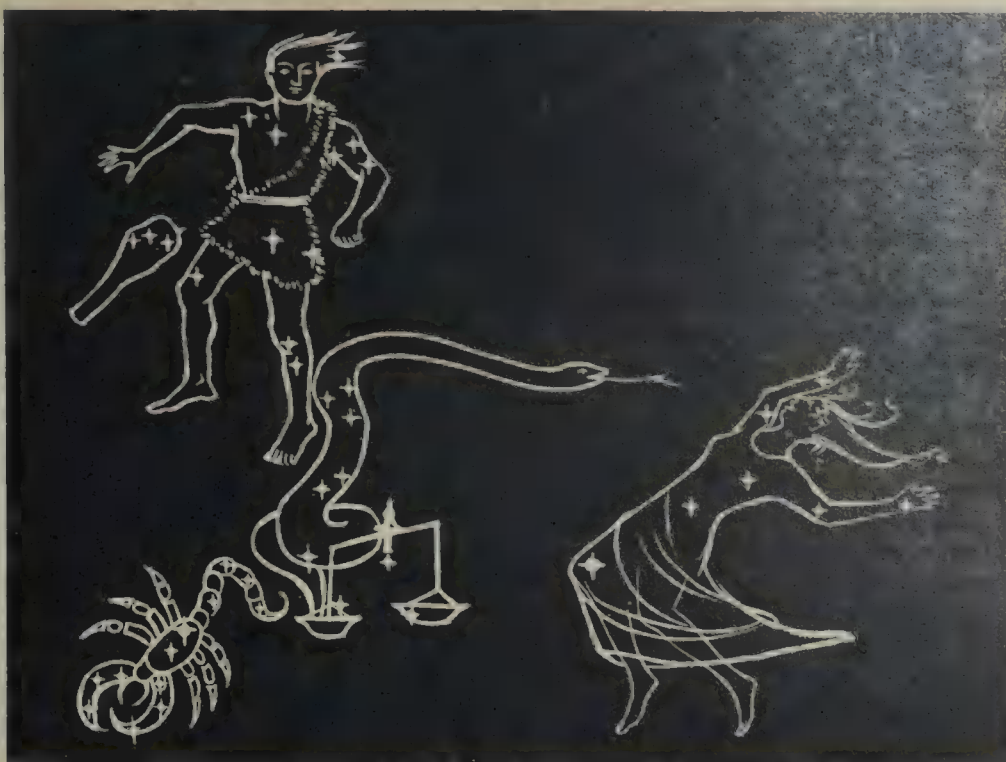


THE ARCHER KNEELS, BOW DRAWN, TO STARE AT CHARIOTEER, WHO STOLE THE GOAT TO GIVE THE FUGITIVE, THE CHAS STARRY CLUSTERS FOR THEIR HAIR.



CIRCLING IN WHERE IT IS COLDING BLACK—RED MARS, RINGED SATURN, SILVER JUPITER, SMALL MERCURY, VENUS—THE GLORIOUS EVENING STAR, FREE WHIRL THE PLANETS THROUGH THE ZODIAC.

usually those of heroes or animals such as Perseus and Pegasus. It is interesting to note that Julius Schiller in 1627 attempted to replace the names connoting mythological and pagan ideas by the of apostles, saints, bishops, etc., so that Aries became St. Peter ; Taurus, St. Andrew, and so on. This innovation was short-lived. In some cases it is possible to trace in the heavens a vague resemblance to the object after which the constellation is named, and on these pages we show drawings, based on the old



THE MAIDEN SCREAMS, WITH FLUNG OVERHEAD, IN FEAR, FOR SERPENT STANDS THERE IN THE SCALES. HERCULES, CLUB IN HAND, WHO HEARS HER WAILS AT THE SNAKE—HITS SCORPION INSTEAD.



THE SERPENT-HOLDER DROPS THE SNAKE, WHO JEERS AND TRIES TO SEIZE THE CROWN. THE STARS ALL RISE IN SPLENDOR—SINGING, DRIVE HIM OFF. THEIR CRIES ALL BLENDING, MAKE THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.



STARS RUSH GAILY BY AND DISAPPEAR ACROSS THE SKY. COMETS, THOUGH, ARE MUCH MORE RARE, WITH TAILS THAT STREAM LIKE GOLDEN HAIR, AND AS FOR SPIRAL NEBULAE—THEY'RE NEW SUNS EVERY DAY.

constellation figures, of the famous heroes and animals which can be seen in the skies when evening has "lit her glimmering tapers." In these drawings, which the work of Miss Stella Marsden, the constellations are accurate in themselves (only major stars are shown) and are relatively in the right positions, although a few have been moved closer together for the sake of the design and the verse (the latter written by Mrs. L. M. Wilson). As an instance of the artistic licence allowed, in the first drawing (top, left) the Ram and Triangle have been left out, as they have nothing to do with the story of Perseus, and the Sea Monster has been moved up.

POSSIBLY no other festival has so many legends and superstitions as that of Christmas. The modern housewife who purchases her pound of sausages to place round the turkey is merely continuing the tradition of the garland which was once placed round the bear's neck, for the boar in pre-Christian times was regarded as the Corn Spirit. The very candles on the Christmas tree are a relic of the fires once lit by our primitive ancestors to invoke the sun's return—a reminder, in fact, of the pagan mid-winter festival, for the Nativity of Christ as a religious festival was not held until about the fourth or fifth century.

The Yule log, now often only seen on Christmas cards or as a sticky cake in a confectioner's window, was once treated with such respect it was almost venerated, for round its friendly blaze old feuds were settled, and men, in passing the log on the road, saluted it. Those to whom the task of hauling the log had fallen were envied, as they were thought to be immune from evil spells for the whole year, and to understand the full meaning of the evil eye is now beyond our comprehension, but once men, women and children lived in perpetual fear of it.

Throughout the country the Yule log was honoured, although the wood varied, as did the size of the log. In Devonshire a bundle of ash faggots was bound together and called the Yule log, and every time one of the sticks fell in the hearth the master of the feast had to give his guests a glass of ale or beer. In some parts of England on St. Stephen's Day, or Boxing Day, the half-burnt log was hoisted to the kitchen ceiling, to remain there for the year as a protection against fire, while often a piece of the log was preserved in the hearth to bring good luck to the house. Sometimes the Yule ashes were gathered together and spread upon the ground to give it fertility, while to give the ashes to cattle was to keep them free of vermin. In Yorkshire it was only necessary to toss a portion of the Yule log into the fire to hear the storm dying away.

The Yule log derives from the Ancient Britons and the Scandinavian peoples, who held a great feast at the winter solstice when bonfires were kindled in honour of Thor, and the feast was known as Yuul, or Festival of the Sun. The Scots corrupted the word to Yule, although it is similar in many languages—for example, Haul in Welsh and Oel in Swedish. Mallet, in his "Northern Antiquities," writes that "all Celtic nations have been accustomed to the worship of the sun . . . they called it Yole or Yuul, from Hiaul and Houll, which is sun in Basque, Bretagne and Cornwall languages."

The Gothic word "giuo," meaning a wheel, also incorporates the symbol for Yuletide, and in old almanacks it was thus given.

The Wassail Bowl derives from the words "Wals-Hal," or "Be Whole," and it was usually made of wine, but it could be composed of such ingredients as ale, nutmeg, sugar, toast, ginger and roasted crabs.

The custom of bringing leaves or holly into the house at Christmas arose from the superstition that the powerful influence of Satan would be diverted from the house. We now consider it unlucky to leave any of the Christmas decorations up after Twelfth Day but according to Ecclesiastical Canon all greenery had to be cleared by Candlemas Day, February 2. The poet Herrick wrote that the number of leaves found

CHRISTMAS LEGENDS

Customs, Christian and Pagan, from many countries, which have become part of the English Festival.

By MARGARET G. ALDRED

is mention of a tree in 1605 and, curiously enough, a reference possibly to a very early English Christmas tree in 1444, when a whole tree set firmly in the pavement "at the Leadenhall" was uprooted during a storm. This was thought to be the work of Satan.

Plum puddings were always made at home, and it was a ritual to stir the pudding and wish, and a dozen puddings were made—that is, one for each month following Christmas in memory of the Twelve Apostles.

If our ancestors wished to remain free from toothache and fever for a year, they merely had to take a bath on Christmas Day, while a stroll to the cross-roads between eleven and twelve on Christmas morning was rewarding in that one was told the future for the coming year.

A child born on Christmas Day on a Sunday was especially lucky, for it would be happy and successful in life, and children born at sermon-time on Christmas morning had the gift of seeing spirits.

If Christmas Day fell on a Thursday then the old rhyme said :

If Christmas Day
on a Thursday
be
A windy winter
ye shall see,
With hard tem-
pest strong and
quick.
The summer shall
be good and dry.
Corn and beasts
shall multiply.

The idea of a fine and hot summer was also applicable when Christmas Day fell on a Sunday.

We to-day must bear in mind, however, that from the seventh to the thirteenth century Christmas Day was celebrated on what is now Epiphany, January 6, still known to some as Old Christmas Day. When the change in the calendar became law many people were greatly upset and one writer took the opportunity to indulge in a little "Doubt-

ing Thomas" experiment which he described in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1753. He argued that the famous Thorn of Glastonbury would flower on the new Christmas Day, thus keeping to the legend. The Thorn, however, to his mortification, "blowed as usual" on Old Christmas Day.

Christmas Eve is also associated with legend, the most famous being that the animals kneel in adoration of Christ, but in the Tyrolean Alps it was believed that animals had the gift of tongues on that night, but it was a sin to listen to their conversation.

Bread baked on Christmas Eve was said never to go mouldy and the Yule dough kept during the year was a precaution against fire, water and the sword. The Normans believed that the Yule dough was a complete safeguard against hydrophobia—which shows us how people in the past fought against such horrors mainly by superstition.

The Danes and the Poles always kept a crumb of the Yule dough until the spring came, when they mixed it with the corn and gave it to their horses and cattle as a medicine.

If a man wished his grass to grow well, all he had to do was to go into his garden on Christmas Eve with a flail—but he had to go minus his shirt.



"LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST" PERFORMED BEFORE QUEEN ELIZABETH AT GREENWICH ON TWELFTH NIGHT, 1597: AN ILLUSTRATION BY SIR JOHN GILBERT FROM OUR CHRISTMAS ISSUE OF 1858. DON ARMADO AND MOTH ARE SHOWN DISCOURING ON LOVE IN A SCENE FROM ACT III.

"'Love's Labour's Lost' played at Greenwich before Queen Elizabeth on Twelfth-night, 1597, and we may easily imagine how the Royal and learned lady . . . relished the quaint conceits and classical allusions with which this beautiful dramatic poem is so richly fraught. . . . Our artist, Mr. Gilbert, with a powerful pen, has realised the scene which this Christmas play before Queen Elizabeth must have presented. He has shown us the great Queen herself, her ladies and her courtiers, her pages and her guards, and the manly figure of the poet. The first and second acts have been played, gathering enthusiastic plaudits they proceeded; and now in the first scene of the third act, the 'tough senior,' Don Armado, and the 'tender juvenal,' Moth, are discoursing about love. . . . And so the play unravels itself much, we doubt not, to the edification of the brilliant audience gathered at Greenwich on that merry Twelfth-night." Thus ran the description of the scene shown in the drawing by Sir John Gilbert which was reproduced as a double-page illustration in our Christmas issue of 1858. The artist, Sir John Gilbert (1817-1897), was a popular book illustrator, and much of his work also appeared in *The Illustrated London News* and *Punch*. He made R.A. in 1876, and was a most popular exhibitor at the annual show at Burlington House. He was knighted in 1871.



CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS AS THE OLD ILLUMINATORS MIGHT HAVE RECORDED THEM—I: FEASTING AND MERRY-MAKING

Here, and on the next three pages, Miss Pauline Baynes has portrayed some ancient Christmas customs as those incomparable artists of the fifteenth century, the miniature painters of the fine illuminated manuscripts might have seen them—but with a wit and a nostalgia which are of our times. Christmas—and especially the Christmas of the Middle Ages, which fell in our January—lies in the dead months of the year, and its jollifications, though linked with the Christian festival, are far older, deriving from the Roman Saturnalia and even remoter attempts of men to defy the miseries of winter. Not inappropriately, then, these windows on to an ancient

world are garlanded with flowers; and through them we look on the Christmas of some 400 years ago. Here is a feast in the hall of the castle. At the high table the modish lord and lady feast and converse; and their jester merrily quips, while from the gallery the minstrels sound a fanfare. Below the table, a silver-covered chalice at the end of the table—the lesser members of the household admire the charms they have found in the pudding, the wine is passed, and the pies with the spices which recall the gifts of the Three Kings stand ready. The servants bring in a Peacock in his Pride.



CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS AS THE OLD ILLUMINATORS MIGHT HAVE RECORDED THEM—II: "CAROL SINGERS DANCING."

The Christmas Carol, which, as can be seen from Pauline Baynes' delightful water-colour, used occasionally to be accompanied by dancing, is, it seems, becoming more and more commercialised. In "The Book of Days," edited by R. Chambers and published in 1878, a contributor wrote: "Christmas carols are sung on Christmas Eve as well as on the morning of Christmas-day. . . ." There is no mention of Christmas carols being sung before Christmas Eve. The move towards commercialism appears to have begun in Devonshire, where "These Christmas-eve carols are very general . . . and the usual custom for the singers is to club the money which they receive on such

occasions, and expend it in a social merry-making. . . ." In this era dominated by the "nicely-calculated less or more," when summer is ushered out by retailers' Christmas shopping advertisements, one can expect to see highly organised groups of urchins beginning their carol campaigns hard on the heels of the "Penny for the guy, Mister" trade. Although at present carol services are usually held on Christmas Eve, or earlier, at one time carols were sung in church on Christmas afternoon. An attractive custom ended the service; the clerk, in a loud voice, would wish all the congregation a merry Christmas and a happy new year,



CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS AS THE OLD ILLUMINATORS MIGHT HAVE RECORDED THEM—III: "BRINGING HOME THE EVERGREENS"

The decoration of churches, houses and shops with evergreens on festive occasions dates from a period long before the birth of Christ. Because of its pagan origins, it was at one time prohibited by ecclesiastical councils, but in the course of time it came to be incorporated with church ceremonies. Stow, in his "A Survey of London" (1598), records that "against the feast of Christmas every man's house, as also their parish churches, were decked with holme [evergreen oak], ivy, bayes, and whatsoever the season of the year afforded to be green. The conduits and standards in the streets were likewise garnished . . ." Another old writer describes

the practice of Christmas decorations thus: "Our churches and houses decked with bayes and rosemary, holly and ivy, and other plants which are always green in winter and summer, signify and put us in mind of His Deity, that the Child that was born was God and man, who should spring up like a tender plant, should always be green and flourishing, and live for evermore." In her water-colour, printed above, Miss Pauline Baynes shows a scene—as it might have been recorded by one of the old illuminators—in which two people are bringing evergreens to a church where the Bishop is waiting in the porch to receive them.



CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS AS THE OLD ILLUMINATORS MIGHT HAVE RECORDED THEM—IV : "THE KISSING BOUGH."

The old custom of hanging up sprigs of mistletoe in the house at Christmas is thought to be derived from ancient Druidical rituals. This relic of paganism, which has for long been absorbed in the Christian festivities of Christmas, is illustrated by Pauline Baynes in this charming water-colour in the style of the artists who decorated the manuscripts of mediæval times. Characteristic of the illustrations of illuminated manuscripts are the humanised animals to be seen in the motif surrounding the picture. A dog appears in a robe and standing upright, and a cockerel is shown riding a fox like a knight on horseback. The figure in the lower

right-hand corner is a devil. In contrast with the amorous and convivial associations which mistletoe has to-day are the legendary uses it had in the far-off days of the Druids. At the time of the winter solstice it was then the custom for the Druids, with their "congregations," to seek out an oak tree with mistletoe growing on it; two white bulls were tied to the tree, the mistletoe was then cut down and after this the bulls, and sometimes human beings also, were slaughtered as a sacrifice. Afterwards, sprigs of the mistletoe were distributed and these were hung over the doors of the ancient British homesteads as a propitiation.



THE MADONNA OF THE CAT : A DELIGHTFUL PAINTING OF THE HOLY FAMILY
WITH ST. JOHN, BY FEDERIGO BAROCCIO.

A smiling family scene—complete with cat and pet goldfinch—is Federigo Baroccio's most charming interpretation of the Holy Family with St. John. The two curly-headed babies, the graceful Virgin and the bearded St. Joseph are most vividly painted by this Italian artist, who was born at Urbino in 1526. The pupil of Battista Franco, Baroccio had some important commissions in Rome, where Pope Pius IV was among his patrons, but worked chiefly at Urbino, and died there in 1612.

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CHILDHOOD AND THE BIRDS—CUNNING RECAPTURING THE FUGITIVE :
"THE BIRD-CATCHER"—A CHARMING COMPOSITION BY VAN SLINGELAND.

Youthful cunning is written all over the face of the young French nobleman slyly trying to recapture his pet bird, perched in the honeysuckle, by whistling to him and offering him a tempting morsel. Pieter Cornelisz van Slingeland's painting, which is dated 1677, is a delightful study of boyhood—for despite his splendid clothes and his Garter Star the young nobleman (who has been identified by some as the Comte de Vermandois, son of Louis XIV and the Duchesse de la Vallière, and by others as the Duc de Bourgogne) is obviously just as much of a boy as his smiling companion, who is clutching a cage.

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CHILDHOOD AND THE BIRDS—INNOCENCE BECKONING TO A DOVE :
"MISS SALLY DUESBURY"—AN ENCHANTING PORTRAIT BY WRIGHT OF DERBY.

In painting Sally Duesbury, who was a grand-daughter of William Duesbury, the founder of the Derby china works, Joseph Wright (1734-97) has made a most charming composition which shows his great fondness for, and understanding of, children. The rosy-cheeked eight-year-old girl, beckoning to the dove perched in the tree above her, and with two other birds at her feet, makes a delightful picture of innocence. This portrait, for which Wright, according to his account book of 1780, charged £31 10s., must have been a source of great pleasure to Sally's parents.

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"A PUMA ON A TREE"; A VIVID DRAWING OF ONE OF THE LARGEST AMERICAN MEMBERS OF THE CAT FAMILY BY J. M. SWAN, R.A. (1847-1910). (Pencil and pastel chalks on blue paper.) (Reproduced by courtesy of Gilbert Davis, Esq.)



"A LION ASLEEP"; A MAGNIFICENT STUDY BY THE FRENCH ARTIST EUGENE DELACROIX (1798-1863). (Pencil and colour wash.)

STUDIES IN REPOSE: THE GRACE AND BEAUTY OF TWO OF NATURE'S MOST POWERFUL BEASTS OF PREY AT REST.

A striking characteristic of the big cats is their capacity for complete relaxation, and in drawing these two fine animals J. M. Swan and Eugène Delacroix have both captured the magnificent confidence of their repose. Looking at these drawings

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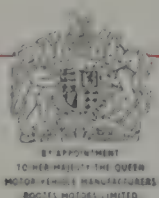
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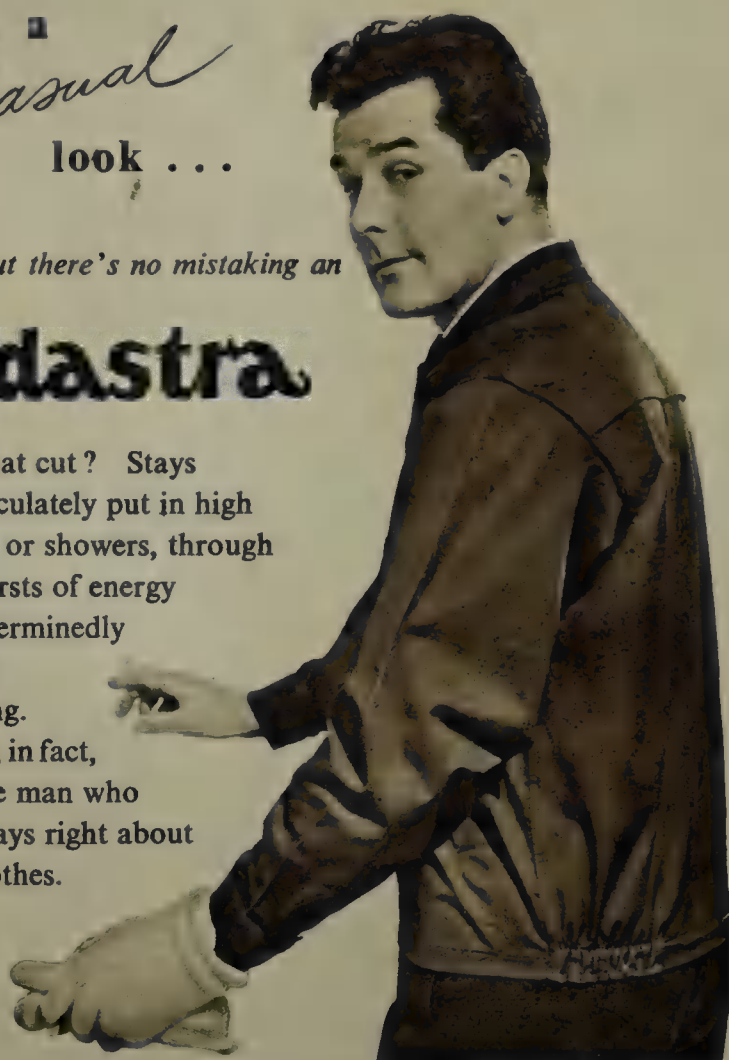
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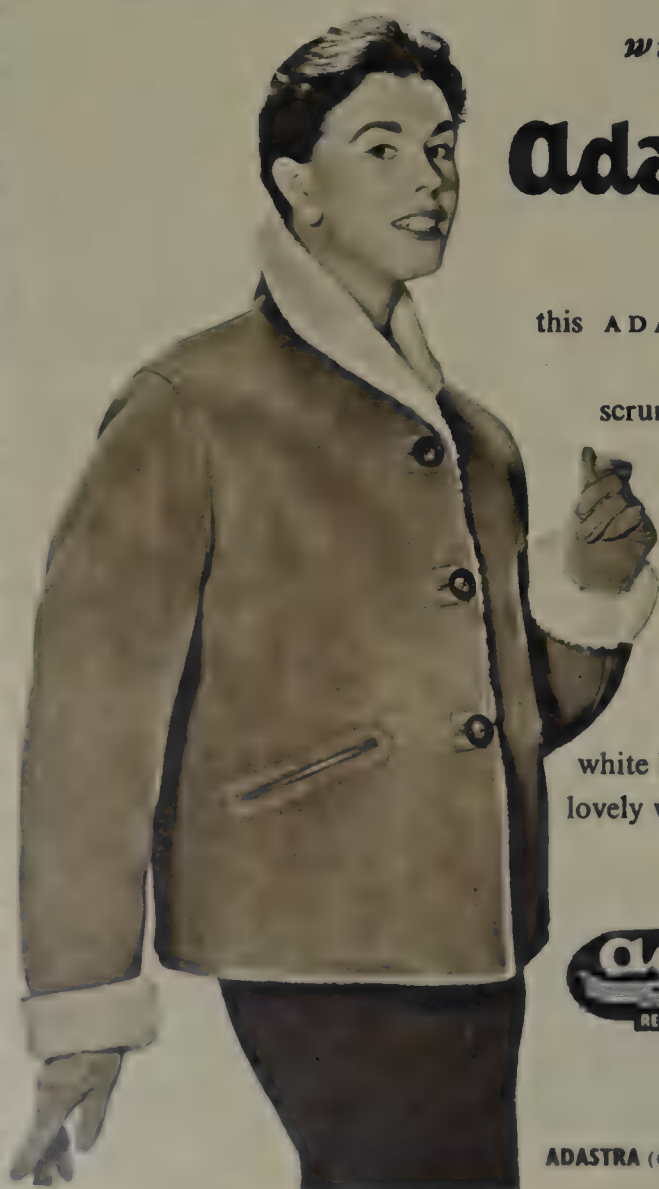
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AN OUTDOOR FAMILY OCCASION COMPLETE WITH FURNITURE—CONVIVIALITY BENEATH AN OAK-TREE IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FIFESHIRE: "WILLIAM FERGUSON INTRODUCED AS THE HEIR TO RAITH"—PAINTED IN ABOUT 1769 BY JOHANN ZOFFANY.



A FAMOUS MUSICAL FAMILY IN THEIR LONDON HOME: BURKAT SHUDI, THE CELEBRATED SWISS HARPSICHORD-MAKER, SEEN WITH HIS WIFE AND TWO SONS IN A PAINTING WHICH ONE TRADITION ATTRIBUTES TO HOGARTH.

CONVIVIALITY AND INHERITANCE, DOMESTICITY AND MUSIC—EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LIFE AND ART.

The graceful and cultured living of the "golden" middle years of the eighteenth century is reflected in these two paintings, both of which show some typical pieces of furniture of the period. With what assurance the young William Berry (who was later to take the name of Ferguson) accepts the greeting of his uncle, Robert Ferguson, who had adopted him as his heir and was now introducing him to his friends. Zoffany has shown them all as a group of contented men in sharp contrast to the sad

figure on the right, reputed to be the artist himself. The family group below, painted some twenty years earlier, also has this air of cultured assurance. Burkat Shudi, who later took into partnership his son-in-law John Broadwood, founder of the well-known firm of pianoforte makers, is seen tuning one of his famous instruments—by tradition the harpsichord which he presented to Frederick the Great. With him are his two sons, Joshua (1736-54) and Burkat (1737-1803).

"William Ferguson introduced as the Heir to Raith" is reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the late Viscount Novar; and "The Shudi Family" by that of Captain Evelyn Blore. Both were in the 1956-57 R.A. Winter Exhibition of "British Portraits." the present Chairman of John Broadwood and Sons, Ltd.



A COUNTRY W

All the crisp delight of the countryside in winter—with snow on the ground and ice on the water—has been vividly captured in this painting by the Flemish artist, Lucas van Uden (1593-1672). On the edge of a large city (probably Antwerp, where Van Uden lived and worked) the townspeople have come out to enjoy the glorious sunset. Some are skating, two sportsmen are shooting, but most are just strolling along enjoying the great beauty that

Reproduced by courtesy



WINTER.

surrounds them—the beauty of the sun setting in a wintry sky and reflected in the glistening snow. Lucas van Uden was taught by his father, Artus van Uden, and was much influenced by Paulus Bril and Rubens. He frequently painted landscape backgrounds for Rubens' pictures, while David Teniers the Younger and Hendrik van Balen often painted figures for Van Uden's landscapes. (Oil on panel; 15½ by 25½ ins.)

Eugene Slatter Gallery.



HORSEMANSHIP AT GOODWOOD NEARLY TWO CENTURIES AGO: "THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF RICHMOND WATCHING HORSES EXERCISING"—ONE OF A SET OF THREE PICTURES PAINTED BY GEORGE STUBBS IN ABOUT 1761-62.



COMMEMORATING THE FIRST CRICKET MATCH NORTH OF THE TWEED: "THE CATHCART FAMILY," PAINTED BY D. ALLAN IN 1784-85.
RIDING AND CRICKET AS ARISTOCRATIC PASTIMES: NOBLE SPORTSMEN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Both the third Duke of Richmond (1735-1806)—seen here in this delightful Stubbs painting—and the first Earl Cathcart (1755-1843)—the elegant figure in the centre of the family group painted by David Allan—were leading public figures of their time, as soldiers, diplomats and politicians. Here we see these two great men on the sports-field with their families and retainers. The third Duke of Richmond

laid out the racecourse on his Goodwood estate in 1801, and it remains to-day one of the most lovely flat racecourses in England. In the Allan painting a Scottish sporting event is commemorated, for Lord Cathcart—who was then in the Coldstream Guards and had borrowed a tent from his regiment—is seen with his family at the first cricket match held north of the Tweed, at Schaw Park, near Alloa.

"The Duke and Duchess of Richmond watching Horses exercising" is reproduced by courtesy of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon; and "The Cathcart Family" by that of the Earl Cathcart. Both paintings were in the 1956-57 R.A. Winter Exhibition of "British Portraits."

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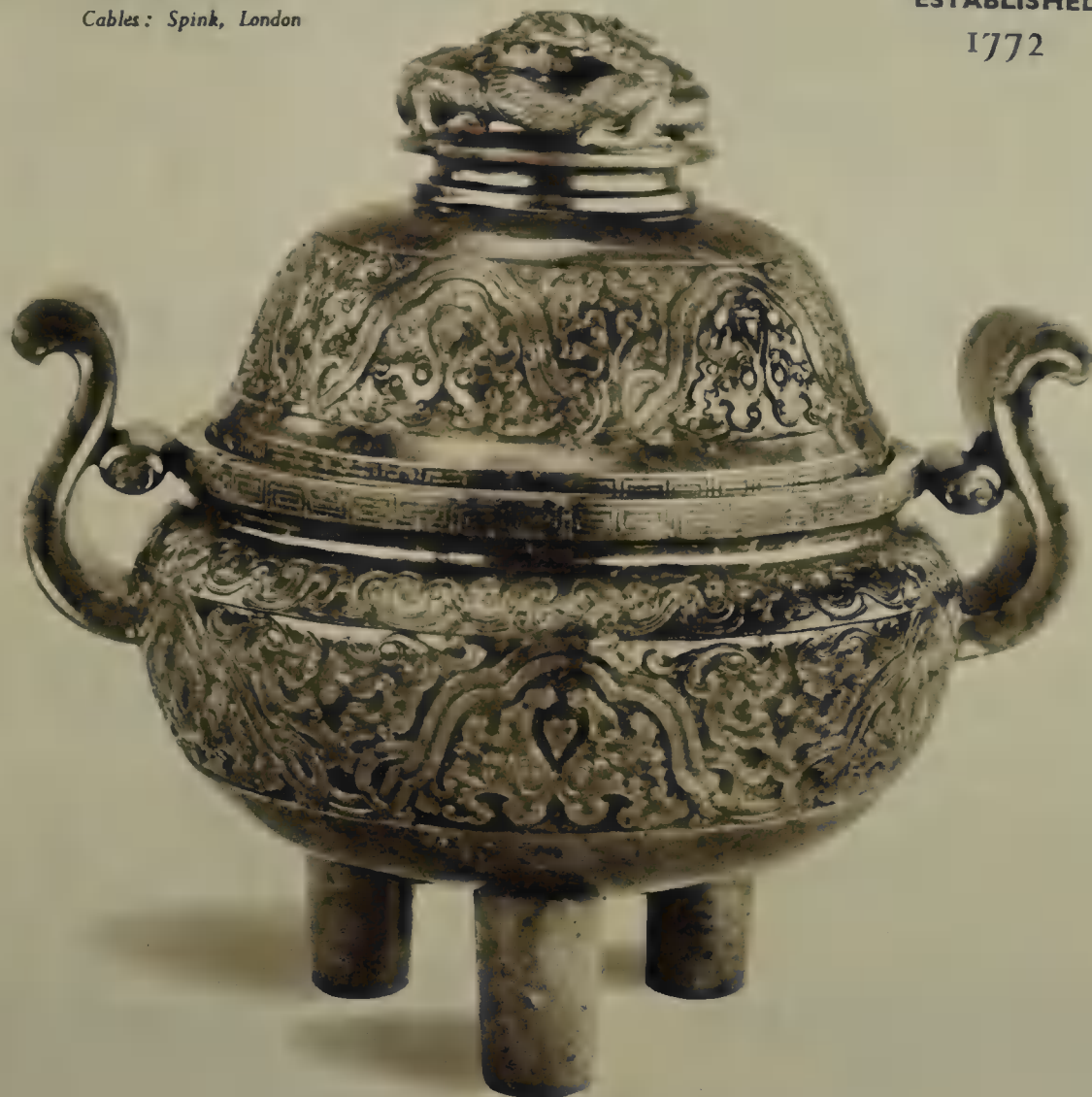
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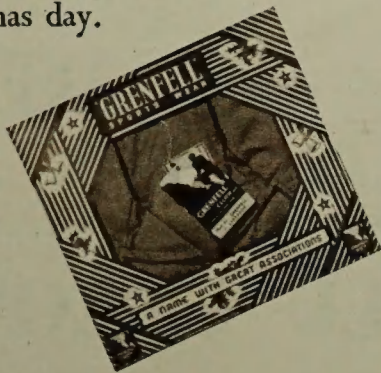
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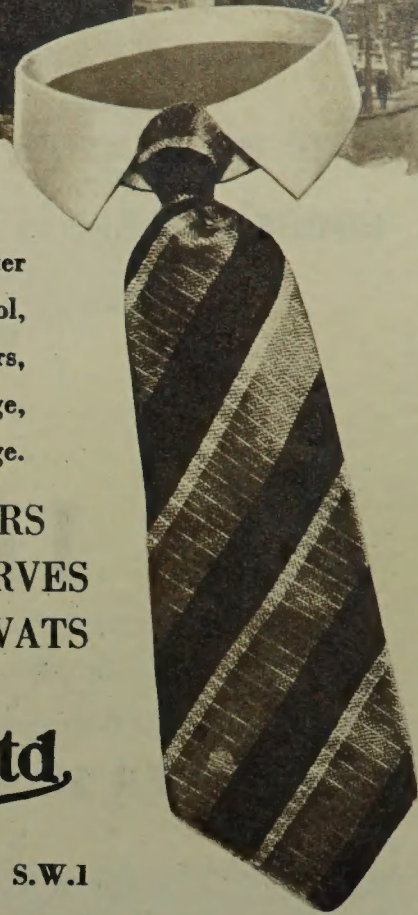
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